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Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869. "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

The California man who suicided by means of a dynamite bomb was doubtless actuated by a desire to make his exit with a rush.

The Gorman Presidential boom seems to have struck a snag, or it may be that it is temporarily lost in the shadow of his immensity, Grover C.

Jerry Simpson says that Springer is the second choice of Alliance members of the House for Speaker. Poor Springer! What has he done to Jerry?

A leading democratic newspaper prints a halfcolumn editorial headed: Tin plate as a demoralizer. That is a more damaging confession than we expected so soon.

To judge from appearances the republicans never had a better chance for carrying New York than they have this year; the party is thoroughly united while the democrats are split into several fighting factions.

It is now claimed that it is possible by artificial methods to prevent frosts. In the onward march of science a means may yet be devised to alleviate the sufferings of politicians on the "cold day" which defeat at the polls always brings to them.

"Moses" is a dangerous name to travel with in Russia, as Major Moses P. Handy of the World's Fair booming committee discovered in that country, where, he was compelled to prove that he was not a Hebrew before he could get his passport vised.

After everybody has tired of guessing the name of the next Secretary of War the President will take up the question and decide upon the man, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that he will make a mistake or that he will find it necessary to ask the assistance of the opposition press in making the selection.

It is pleasing news to learn that Postmaster General Wanamaker's experiment of extending the free delivery of mail matters to small towns is likely to prove successfull. At some of the places where the experimental service is being tried the increase in revenues has been considerably more than enough to meet the increased expenditure, and at all there has been an increase, and Mr. Wanamaker is now at work upon a comprehensive scheme for free delivery in all the small towns and villages, which Congress will be asked to adopt. This is an improvement that is much needed, and one that any official might be proud of having originated.

The attention of the Anglomaniacs is respectfully called to the street riots which have occurred each Sunday for several weeks past at East-bourne, a fashionable watering place, whose "high-toned" patrons undertake weekly to mob the Salvation Army because it persists in parading on Sunday. Perhaps we haven't yet reached the heights of English culture in this country, but it is certain that the patrons of our most plebian watering places would not so far forget themselves as to engage in a street riot under any provocation, at any time. Street riots have never been popular in America and the few that have taken place in our cities have been instigated by and mostly taken part in, by foreigners who had not become accustomed to america manners.

The Cavalry Reunion.

The members of the 1st Penn'a Cavalry, who attended the reunion at Emporium, were received in the most hospitable manner imaginable by the people of that section. The town was finely decorated and the banquet last night was an immense success. Among the notables present were General Gregg, who was commander of this regiment during the war. He was received with a warmth of feeling that was touching by his old comrades in arms many of whom had not seen him since the close of hostilities. Other distinguished persons present taking part in the reunion were ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin: General John P. Taylor, a former Colonel of the regiment; General Daniel H. Hastings Congressman Louis E. Atkinson, a former Surgeon of the regiment; Congressman Charles W. Stone and others.

—We have received a pamphlet entitled "Information and Advice Relating to Patents" from C. A. Snow & Co., well-known Patent Attorneys of Washington, D. C. It contains directions for procuring patents and the cost of the same in the United States and foreign countries, information about the registration of trade marks copyrights, caveats, and designs, also abstracts of court decisions in patent cases, and much other matter of interest to inventors, patentees, manufacturers and other interested in patents. It will be mailed free to anyone addressing C. A Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Sep. 14, 1891.

The President, when he returns to the White House to-morrow, will find all the members of the Cabinet, except three—Secretary Blaine, who is still in Maine, but who is expected to return to Washington inside of three weeks; Secretary Proctor, who has gone on a tour of inspection of the military posts in the West and Secretary Foster, who has gone on a little ocean fishing trip, at their desks. Owing to the President's nearness to Washington and his keeping almost constantly at work during the Summer there has been no large accumulation of routine business. in the Government departments during his absence. The field therefore is clear for him to devote his attention to the more important business of selecting a successor to Secretary Proctor and possibly one also for Attorney-General Miller, it being very generally believed here that Mr. Miller will be one of the nine justices of the new Circuit Court, all of whom must be decided upon before Congress meets, the filling of a number of messages to Congress, which for various reason will be an unusually important document this year. It will readily be seen that the President has a very busy season before him.

A gentleman who is in a position to be conversant with the plans of Secretary Proctor says that he will not retire from the Cabinet until his Senatorial term begins and that he is certain that the President will not give any serious consideration to selecting his successor until he has had an opportunity to confer with the party leaders both in and out of Congress and their suggestions.

There is no disguising the fact that the harmony of the recent republican State Convention in New York and the undisputed strength of the ticket nominated and the platform adopted has badly frightened the democratic leaders, and it may smash the millionaire Flower's boom as he has never been regarded as a strong candidate. Republicans from New York who have been in Washington since the Convention are enthusiastically confident of carrying the State.

Secretary Tracy has issued an order which puts in practice in the navy method adopted by Secretary Proctor for the Army more than a year ago, of ascertaining periodically the fitness of officers for their various professional duties, in order that they may be by the department designated to perform the duties for which they have the most natural aptitude. This is done by a series of question, embracing about everything concerning an officer's official life which are to be answered in writing, by those immediately above and in contact with them, twice a year, in June and December. Secretary Tracy is making one of the best heads our Navy department has ever had.

Treasury officials are trying to devise some means of keeping the expert accountants at work on the books of the Keystone National bank at Philadelphia, the funds ordinarily available for such purpose having been exhausted, and the examination temporarily stopped just at a most interesting stage. It is thought to-day that the matter can be arranged so as to complete the investigation, but it is first necessary to get an opinion from the legal advisers of the department.

It is said that Senator Gorman was asked to accompany the democratic show which left here yesterday bound for the Pacific coast in a special car which will stop for exhibition purposes at various important points between Chicago and that he replied; "No, thank you, I haven't yet reached the prize or stage of political existence. He may have used the language, but he could not have been safely gone no matter great his desire may have been, as he has a fight for political existence on his hands in his own State that will leave him no time for side-shows during the next six or seven weeks.

The new Window $2 silver certificate which is to take place of the Hancock note which has been extensively counterfeited will be put is circulation Oct. 1. It is by artist said to be the handsomest note ever issued by this or any other Government Upon it the big brown seal which has been used on all United States currency will be replaced by the small red seal which has been used exclusively for national bank notes. The ugly brown seal is to be entirely discarded.

Secretary Tracy has decided to have the Neipsic, the Adams and the Ranger, wooden vessels, repaired at once, and the necessary orders have been telegraphed to the Mare Island navy yard, where they all are. If it were not that the need of more vessels in the Pacific is imperative these old boats would probably have been condemned instead of being repaired.

Interesting Mining Statistics.

The department of the secretary of internal affairs has completed an important tabular statement giving the conditions last year of the anthracite and bituminous regions in this State.

More than usual interest has been evinced this year in these statistics owing, probably, to the fact that several terrible mine catastrophes have occurred lately.

The reports of the various mine inspectors show that, while a few accidents seem to have been unavoidable, and could not possibly have been foreseen, the large majority of them was due either to the negligence of the miners themselves or to the negligence of the overseers. As a rule the minors are inclined to disregard the rules made for their own safety and preservation.

Following is a summary from the coal region. For the anthracite districts: Number of tons of coal produced, 40,090,855; number of miners employed, 28,985; number of miners' laborers employed 18,630; other employes inside the mines, 24,861; outside employes, 47,808; total employes 108,166. Number of fatal accidents, 378; number of non-fatal accident, 1,907. Number of wives made widows, 185: number of orphans left, 602. For the bituminous regions the report is as follows. Number of tones of coal produced, 40,740,521; number of miners employed, 44,370; number of miners' laborers employed, 2,735; other employes inside the mines, 8,098; outside employes 12,640, total employes, 97,837; number of fatal accidents, 146; number of non-fatal accidents, 381. number of wives made widows, 90; number of orphans left, 211.

By A Large Majority.

NEW CASTLE. September 11.—At this morning's session of the British Trades Union congress the delegates approved a motion to the effect that the workmen and workwomen should be appointed inspectors of factories and of working places generally, adding to the motion the recommendation that this principle should also be applied to the inspection of workshops and factories situated within the British Indian possessions.

In addition the delegates advocated making it a penal offense for an inspector of factories, etc., to give warning to the employers of labor of his or her intended visit of inspection.

A motion to instruct that further legislation would injure their trade but was carried by a vote of 257 to 59, after a short debate for the ground had been fought over and the principles aired and on Wednesday's and Thursday's session.

Upon a motion being put in regard to the place where the next trades union congress is to meet there was an exchange of opinion, many places in England Scotland and Wales being advocated by the delegates from these countries. Finally it was decided that the congress of 1895 is to sit at Glasgow, Scotland.

Warriorsmark Loses a Good Citizen.

A. L. Stephens died at his home near Warriorsmark Thursday morning of consumption. He had been ailing a long time but had not been confined to his bed until very shortly before his death. Deceased was aged 42 years and leaves his wife and four children to mourn their loss. The children, who all reside with their parents, are Michael Frank, Maggie and Cora. His aged mother, Mrs. Enoch Walls resides at Frankstown.

Mr. Stephens left Huntingdon abont ten years ago, settling at Bald Eagle, where he conducted grist mill until last April. Then he removed to Warriorsmark valley purchasing the John Shank fruit farm, and he had secured all the most modern machinery and implements for the prosperous prosecution of agriculture. He was a man of sterling qualities who was universally esteemed, and his death removes an excellent citizen from the community of which he was a member.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The interment ro be made in Centre Line cemetery.

Watch the Man Who

Is on the fence.
Has no opinion.
Takes no papers.
Has the big head.
Sneers at religion.
Frowns at charity.
Is cruel to animals.
Lies about everybody.
Goes back on a friend.
It jealous and spiteful.
Won't pay when he can.
Does not favor enterprises.
Favors corruption in office.
Is afraid to speak his mind.
Has no business of his own.
Won't patronize home industry.
Talks about you behind your back.
Knows more than all the rest of mankind.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT D. O. ETTERS MADE TO THE STATA SUPERINTENDENT.

In public school work, the progress made during any one year can not be very marked from that for the year preceding. But a steadily forward move is always preferable to a brilliant dash followed by a period of inactivity, or deterioration. So a look backward, throught the year that has just ended brings out no evidence of any attempt at radical reform, yet furnishes positive proof of some degree of progress in the schools of our county. Three new houses were erected and twenty-four others were fitted out with new patent furniture. Many schools were supplied with combination charts and with natural slate boards. And Bellefonte Philipsburg and Rush districts are to be commended for lengthening the school term, the two former to nine and the latter to eight months. The teachers of Bellefonte district, under the tutorage of Supt. Lieb and the teachers of the High school pursued a regular course of study throughout the year, meeting twice a month for recitation and discussion. At the close of the school term the class passed a rigid examination, in the year's work, by the county Superintendent, with great credit to themselves and to their instructors and with much satisfaction to the examiners. It is urged that all the districts take up with the idea of holding these teachers meetings, as great good must surely result from such a course.

The districts of Ferguson, Gregg, and Harris have made an excellent move in establishing what might be termed the Township High School, where the more advanced pupils of the entire district may attend and receive advantages that the mixed school can not afford.

As would naturally be expected, the schools making greater progress, were found in the districts in which the directors were most careful in selecting teachers, and were most liberal in paying salaries and providing facilities for doing work.

In a few districts the increased appropriation seems to have done absolutely nothing for he betterment of the schools. The minimum length of term continues; teachers are selected with reference to cheapness rather than fitness; and not a map, chart, nor piece of apparatus of any kind is found in the school. Oftentimes, too, the schoolhouse is placed in the poorest possible location, being right on the edge of some traveled highway where the rattle of passing vehicles make effective school work impossible. The directors in many districts are wisely disposed to retain the more successful teachers from year to year, as is shown by the fact that forty-seven per cent. of last year's teachers had taught five or more annual terms, while only sixteen per cent. were beginners.

It is suggested that the directors, at their next annual convention, should try to agree upon some more consistent method for fixing teacher's salaries than at present prevails. As it is, the teacher who has had careful preparation added to years of successful experience receives little more salary than the one with limited training and no experience. This is wrong; preparation coupled with skill and experience should count for much. Again we find teachers paid according to the size of the school; this is wrong; since the teachers with a dozen pupils is bound by article of agreement to render the best service of which he is capable; and the teacher with eight pupils can do no more than this. Paying the teacher a higher salary because he has a larger school does not imply better teaching for those pupils; and if it did, the idea would still be awrong one; for, by law and justice, the few are entitled to equal advantages with the many.

It is greatly to be regretted that the effort to have the college graduate licensed by the state failed in the last legislature. During the past year, eleven college graduates taught in the county; and they were, as they were well able to be, in the very front rank as teachers. If college men were given the encouragment they deserve, many more would enter upon the work of teaching. It does not appear clear why the college bred man should not be made equal to the normal graduate when it is remembered that the very men who train the normal student are themselves college men, with no special preparation for their work beyond that which they have received in the same schools, in the same classes with the college men who teach in our public schools. Can there be, then, anything in the course of instruction itself that makes the normal graduate better than the very men who have trained him. The argument is used that while college men may be well grounded in the higher branches of learning, they are weak in the fundamentals. Yet it is a well known fact that before a student can enter upon the higher course of stuny he must pass a rigid examination in the fundmaenral branches. And surely the advanced training has had, in greater or less degree, the effect of quickening and strengthening the mind so as to give it a wider reach and a fuller grasp of knowledge, thus better fitting the individual to train others.

The examinations, as far as practicable were made oral; and were well attended by directors and citizens. The examination disclosed a marked weakness in U. S. History, Geography and in the practical rules of Arithmectic. The fact was also made plain, that too few your teachers acquaint themselves with current history obtained from the news papers and educational journals.

Arbor Day should be more generally observed than at present. Out side the boroughs comparatively little attention is given the subject. The lack of interest in tree planting has followed from the neglect to fence school properties. Fully ninety percent of the school grounds in the country lie open as commons, so that if trees were planted they would soon be destroyed by stock pastering at large.

Sanitation has received much greater attention from our directors, during the past few years than formerly. The houses erected in the last five years have been planned, to some extent with reference to light and ventilation. But while under the sanitary head a few evils should be mentioned that directors should hasten to correct. One is the use of dusty crayon another the neglect to keep the school room floor properly scrubbed. From these two sources arises enough dust when breathed to shatter the most robust constitution. Again, the sexes should be provided with separate out houses, situated on different parts of the school yard, and then some one in authority should see that they are properly kept.

The annual meeting of directors was called for December 18, but what promised to be the most largely attended session yet held was prevented by the great snow fall of the previous day. However, about twenty-five directors assembled and held a very interesting and important session. Excellent addresses were made by Prof. W. A. Buckhout on "Tree Culture," and by Dr. G. G. Groff on the "Importance of Sanitation, as Affecting our Public Schools. A course of study for ungraded schools was also considered. Our directors, Association is a live institution, and one that is beginning to tell for good; but more friendly action by the next Legislature than was received at the hands of the last, will be necessary to keep up a vigorous growth.

It is a matter of very general regret that the measure before the Legislature, providing for the expense of directors in attending the annual and tri-ennial conventions, failed to become a law. It is only by uniformity of action that uniformity of text books can be had, or that a graded course of study can be successfully carried into effect. And unless directors meet in county convention no such uniformity of action can take place. Directors should also be allowed a reasonable compensation for the time necessarily spent in looking after the schools of their respective district. It is thought that six members are too many to pay from the public fund of the district, follow the suggestions of Supt. Ryan in his last report and reduce the number to three, President, Secretary and Treasurer. Select for President the most available man in the district and require him to visit the schools regularly, and to report on their condition to the supt. then pay him for his time and trouble. By this plan only one more member of the board would be paid than present, and the outlay would soon be found yielding a handsome return.

The county institute was held at Bellefonte, December 15—19. Of the 258 teachers in the county, all were present but 3. The instructors were: Dr. E. E. White, Dr. E. O. Lyte, Mrs M. C. Eastman, Prof. W. A. Buckhout, Prof I. S. Tompson and Prof G. G pond. The evening entertainment were given by Dr. White, the Ariel-Thomas company, Col. Sanford, and Supt. Hammers, and were well attended and highly appreciated.

In conclusion, I wish to return thanks to the State Department for advice promptly and cheerfully given; to the directors and teachers for kindly support; to the county press for favors rendered, and to the citizens for encouragement given and for the great kindness shown during my travels over the county.

DAVID O. ETTERS,
Supt. of Centre County.

—Mr. A. Sternberg has rented the rooms over McKee's hardware store formerly occupied by John Moore, and will move his family from ther present residence on Lamb street into the above named place on or about the first of next month.

The Souls.

The London correspondent of "The Bombay Gazette" reports that Lord Wenlock, the recently appointed Governor of Madras, belongs to that "mysterious social hierarchy," as it has been called, "the Souls." Lady Wenlock is another member, and the remarkably select body includes Arthur Balfour. It owes its origin, the correspondent learns, to the Earl of Pembroke. Perhaps his Lordship will deny the soft impeachment. "Nobody who is not very fashionable and very superior can ever hope to be admitted to the Souls. At present the number of these specially gifted beings is not more than thirty. The Souls are as secretive as Masons, but I am told they recognize certain affinities undreamt of by the vulgar, and one of these amiable practices has been discovered by an observant friend of mine. If a Soul happens to be talking in a drawing-room to an outsider, and a brother or sister Soul enters, he or she immediately breaks off the conversation in order to join the new comer." Inferior persons might consider such conduct rather rude, to say the least.

The correspondent adds that at a dinner party in Belgravia not long ago a gentleman who sat next to a feminine Soul tried to extract some information from her about her views, but without much success. He asked if the Souls believed in the writings of a certain authoress with a leaning toward the occult sciences—not Mme. Blavatsky or any one associated with the high-priestess of theosophy. The fair Soul vouchsafed no direct reply, but a distinguished man present joined in the conversation by asking if the works alluded to were intelligible. Being assured that they were, he replied, "Well, then, I am sure they are not accepted by the Souls." It appears that the Souls have, at any rate, one good trait—they are not addicted to baccarat.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Women in Germany.

The committee of the Society Frauenwohl in Berlin have issued an appeal to German women, stating that the callings until now opened to women are not sufficient to give occupation and means of support to the many thousands of women and girls, especially in the middle and upper classes, who are thrown on their own resources. The society has accordingly undertaken the task of opening to women new callings in the professions and in trade appropriate to their faculties, and of urging upon public opinion that women should have opportunities of enjoying the technical education necessary for the particular branch of industry to which they may devote themselves. The Society Frauenwohl has already done much toward this end with great success in spite of the very scanty means at their command. By the efforts of the society classes were formed for shorthand, painting on glass and wood carving.

Thanks to the liberality of one of its members, a school of gardening was started in Charlottenburg in 1889, where women were instructed in practical gardening of every description. Moreover, it was owing to the efforts of the society that the Union for Women Engaged in Trade, similar to the union for men, was founded, which not only grants pecuniary benefits of various descriptions to its members, but also created the Technical Classes for Women, which enables them to carry on their technical education and so gain increased wages. Further, in October, 1889, the society started the Realcurse for women, which gives excellent technical and scientific instruction, similar to that given in Realschulen to boys. Branch societies were created in Konigsberg and Danzig. In order, however, not merely to maintain these institutions, but also to increase their sphere of activity, it is necessary to have the sympathy and earnest co-operation of all German women.—Ladies' Pictorial.

The Doctor's "Bore-Bell."

A well known West End physician has a secret office bell which he calls "a bore bell," and which he says has been worth thousands of dollars to him. He has a great many callers of course and some of them try the doctor's patience greatly. As long as they talk business it is all right, but when his lady visitors insist on giving him the history of all their relatives and their ills, the doctor's foot suddenly touches a spring which rings the "bore bell," and in rushes a servant with an important message or telegram. The visitor's tedious tale is interrupted and she or he under the circumstances leaves the office, because the doctor is so busy, you know. The same message or telegram can be used a great many times and the doctor's caller's never suspect anything. The doctor never uses the "bore bell" on newspaper men, for he likes to have them call and they are always in a hurry anyhow and never detain him long.—Cincinnati Times.

Intelligence of Carrier Pigeons.

A carrier pigeon is trained for a race with as much care as is devoted to a prize fighter. They are dieted, exercised and cared for in much the same way. The result of this careful training is very satisfactory. A greater degree of speed is attained and intelligence to a surprising degree is manifested by these birds.

CHINESE DELICACIES.

DAINTY DISHES THAT DELIGHT THE CELESTIAL EPICURES.

Some of the Peculiar Articles that Go to Make Up a Mongolian Menu—Dried Beetles—Shark Fins—"Hong Yee"—Chinese Tomales—Mushrooms.

A Chinese dinner menu is a lengthy publication, and a veritable roster of almost everything on this mundane sphere that walks, creeps, flies, seems or remains stationary. It has varied attractions both for the student of entomology and the botanist. From a scholastic point of view it is interesting, but the epicure with the least bit of sentiment in his character would regard it with well-grounded prejudice. In his diet the Mongolian has divested himself of all superstitious ideas, and has evidently confiscated everything in reach for conversion into a palatable dish. In youthful days "bird's nest soup" was credited with being a horrible evidence of Chinese barbarism, but it is nothing worse than Irish moss and is the most palatable of all Chinese concoctions for the table. The epicurean taste which shows its exalted cultivation by relishing "ripe" game and poultry is totally eclipsed by the Chinese gourmand, who would scorn the idea of even looking at the capon that was not in a fair way of attaining the end arrived at by all flesh.

The absorbing ambition of the Mongolian is to be a "high liver," and to rank as such he must indeed be one of the world's "upper ten" in a financial sense to gratify his object in life.

Chinese delicacy stores, which strikingly compare in attractiveness with a well-stocked museum, number a full score in the Mongolian quarter of this city. Among the first exhibits spread on narrow trays so tempting to Chinese eyes are large black beetles thoroughly dried. They are considered a great dessert delicacy, and are retailed to customers at five cents per beetle.

Small casks of bean curd wrapped in yellow coverings and bearing Chinese inscriptions are other allurements which greet the vision of the heathen epicure. They are small cheeses made from milk curd and the pulp of boiled beans pressed into cakes. Dried ducks split down the back, pressed flat and annointed with oil, to render them impervious to the air, are a sight that generally incites a purchase if the customer has the requisite forty cents. Dressed shark fins are a relish for which the Mongolian displays a marked liking. He must pay $1.75 a pound if he desires to gratify his appetite at such expense.

A can, from which arises a vile and offensive odor, contains a quantity of small birds, about the size of swallows, preserved in oil. Duck eggs are another delicacy, preserved in a similar manner. Chinese tomales are composed of duck eggs and pork, combined with rice and wrapped in plantain leaves. The Chinese way of adding to the attractiveness of the oyster is to string a score or more of the bivalves on a small wisp of bamboo and allow them to dry and discolor at leisure. They are disposed of at 50 cents a pound. Shrimps are skewered by two wisps of bamboo and festoon the windows of almost every first-rate delicacy store.

"Hong Yee" is the trade name of a species of codfish, caught in Mexican waters, which is dried and shipped in large quantities to this city, and is highly esteemed. Duck eggs are imported from China. In order to provide against the inroads of decomposition, which would render them unsalable except in political times, they are first varnished with oil and packed in a black and forbidding mass of mud.

"Guy-na-po" is a peculiarly shaped fish imported from China, which makes a favorite soup for Celestial delectation. Strings of dark and malodorous sausages line the walls and festoon the shelves of these delicacy stores. They are credited with being imported. It is claimed that pork enters largely into their composition, but, like the American article, faith in the sausage-makers' honesty must banish all doubts. Imported pork chops hanging on strings and smeared with nut oil are forbidding in the eyes of an American, but the Chinese consider them toothsome, and pay 35 cents a pound for them.

"Hoy sum" is a peculiarly shaped mollusk, gathered from deep-sea soundings, which the Chinese hold in high regard as imparting a savory flavor to soups. Beans boiled down to the consistency of paste, hand-drawn into narrow strips and afterward dried on sticks, are the Chinese substitute for macaroni. Imported cattle-fish are a delicacy highly prized by the Mongolian. They bear a resemblance to elongated onions with tendrils, and sell for thirty-five cents a pounds.

Mushrooms are ruined when they fall into Chinese hands. They are divested of their delicate flavor by being dried and ground into a powdered state. Pickled bamboo sprouts and ginger are the only relishes of an acid nature to which the Chinese taste is addicted. Beans, after being well sprouted in water and then dried, are employed in soups and sauces.

Dried watermelon seeds are a delicacy much favored by Mongolians. They are eaten like pine nuts. The meat of the abalone is extracted and sun dried into hardened black lumps, which bear a resemblance to nothing so much as a lot of discarded boot heels. They are much affected by Chinese, and abalone soup or chowder when properly prepared is a dish not to be despised even by a white man.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The oldest living ex-member of the Cabinet is James Campbell, of Philadelphia, who was one of President Pierce's secretaries. He is a lively old man of eighty.

THE HAMMERMEN OF EDINBURGH.

An Industrial Organization That Held Power For Centuries.

A very old organization of skilled trades is that of the Corporation of Hammermen in the ancient Scotch city of Edinburgh. It was founded over three centuries ago, and is still in existence. Originally it was a union of only a few trades, but it took in others from time to time, until, in 1753, it consisted of blacksmiths, cutlers, saddlers, locksmiths, lorimers, armorers, pewterers, and sheersmiths. To the locksmiths were added the watchmakers, pinmakers, hookmakers, and gunsmiths; to the lorimers were added the beltmakers, founders, braziers, and coppersmiths; to the pewterers were added the whiteironsmiths or tinmen. Thus there were seventeen separate crafts represented in the Corporation of Hammermen.

Regular meetings of the Corporation were convened, and the various trades also held separate meetings, at which their own business was contracted. From the origin of the Corporation till the present time the meetings have always been opened with prayer, read by the clerk. The form of prayer in use was composed for the Hammermen by John Knox, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Among the other passages are these: "Give us, we beseech Thee, to perceive Thee in everything we undertake: lead us through every strait: remove from us all partiality, corrupt affections, and divisions."

The members of the Corporation were sworn in at the meetings of the Chapel with ceremony. On one occasion, in 1774, an applicant for a membership had conscientious scruples against taking the oath; and he was relieved from taking it after he agreed to make solemn declaration that he would serve his customers without fraud or guile, and that he would defend the just liberties of the crafts, and be subject to all regulations.

The Hammermen sometimes made their power felt in civic elections, and the historian Maitland says that, in the eighteenth century, they took liberal views of parliamentary politics. They also at that time took part in suppressing such riots as broke out in the city.

In old times the Hammermen helped such of their members as were in straits. For example, here is an entry that is found in the Corporation records: "2d February, 1754—Ordered, that the masters of the several arts, between now and the next quarter, visit the poor on the roll of their several arts, and report the state of each person and their opinion of the same, under the penalty of half a crown each master."

The Corporation of Hammermen still has a nominal existence, though its power has been destroyed through the operation of an act of Parliament in 1833, which abolished the exclusive privilege of trading under which it had flourished for centuries.—N. Y. Sun.

Remarkable Surgical Operation.

A remarkable surgical operation has just been performed at the Huron street Homepathy Hospital in Cleveland, by Dr. H. F. Biggar. The patient, Miss Mamie Miller, is 16 years of age. A cancerous affection had destroyed the left side and lower portion of her nose. Last Saturday afternoon the diseased flesh was cut away, then a flap of skin and flesh of the proper size and form to replace the lost portion of the nose, was almost severed from above the muscles of the left arm, but allowed to remain attached to the arm on one side. The arm was then raised to the face and over the head in such a manner as to permit the flesh of the arm to be grafted and stitched to the edges of the lost portion of the nose. The arm was then placed in a specially constructed harness and securely strapped up to the face in that position. The living flesh of the arm has grown to the nose, and, it is expected that on Saturday, the flap will be severed where it still adheres to the arm, and the slight remaining operation of fitting and stitching the remaining edge to the nose will then be performed. From present appearance the healing will be so perfect as to leave little or no scar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stundism in Russia.

Kievlianin reports that in many districts of southern Russia Stundism is spreading very rapidly. Communities of Stundists (Mennonities) appear now in places where they have never been before. "It is worthy of notice," says the Kiev daily, "that many orthodox believers are attracted to this sect not by its theoretical teachings, butby the living of its confessors. They see that the Stundists are never drunk, that they lead a sober and industrious life, that they help each other and stand one by the other in times of need, and that they will not tolerate levity or recklessness in their midst. This attracts them, for their native common sense tells them that the opposite is the cause of all ills whichthe general masses of Russians suffer." *Novoye Vremya*, reproducing this, perceives some heresy in it, and insinuates that it would be well to investigate if the writer of it is not a Stundist missionary.

Beyond His Reach.

"Reginald," exclaimed an up-town bride of two months as she returned from a shopping tour, "I saw the loveliest diamond necklace imaginable to-day, and so cheap, too; it can be bought for a mere song."

Then she paused to hear what remark Reginald would make.

"My darling," quoth he, "you know how gladly I would grant you every wish; but I grieve to say that in this case I am unable to do so. Nature has not endowed me with the power of producing vocal melody. I could not sing though I should be promised a solitaire for every note."—Lockport Journal.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

Our Country Roads.

"Our country-folk wallow in the mire of their ways, pay excessive tolls, endure, in a word, a grinding taxation, generation after generation, without appreciating the burden which rests upon them." Professor Shaler, who wrote the statement quoted, said in the same article, "If we take the misapplied expense of our country ways, if we count at the same time the mere social disadvantages which they bring to the people, it is probable that the sum of the road-tax is greater than that of our ordinary taxation."

It would be a waste of space to attempt to prove that the common county roads are as a very general thing in this county as bad as they can be. They are so generally bad, indeed, that I have met native-born Americans, who had never traveled abroad, who could not be brought to believe that good roads were possible. The common roads are at once the means and the measure of civilization. Such being the fact, it seems a little strange that we who boast that our civilizatian is of a higher type than that of any other people should have worse roads than any other country enjoying a stable government. It may be that our bad roads are due to a weakness of our communal system just at this point, and it may be that our industrial progress has been so rapid that we have not had time to give proper attention to other highways than the railroads and watercourses. Whatever has been the cause, we have long been paying a very heavy penalty for this neglect, and at this time in many parts of the East at least, this tax upon agriculture is so great that the farmers are getting behind more and more every year and are generally dissatisfied. And, moreover, very few of them know what is the chief cause of this lack of prosperity. They have never had good roads, nor did their father and grandfathers. They decline to look at home for either the cause or the remedy, but seem satisfied to believe that the "railroad monopolies" have done all this damage to their industry.

Reports Confirmed.

THE puplished statement of the state Commission on Lunacy in regard to the management of the State Lunatic Asylum at Harrisburg fully confirms the unofficial charges preferred against the management. The condition of affairs in that institution for a number of years past has been anything but creditable to the officers in charge and if the allegations of the State Committee on Lunacy are verified there is an imperative demand for a complete change in the management. We learn that Governor Pattison is in full accord with the movements of the Board, and will lend the full weight of his official influence in furtherance of the investigation and the placing of the hospital under kinder and more efficient hands,

It is mortifying in the extreme that Pennsylvania, that has done so much to relieve the condition of the insane, should number among its asylums one, the management of which has been marked with so much inefficiency and such an amount of cruelty as is alleged against that at Harrisburg. What adds to the shame is the fact that these abuses have been perpetrated under the very noses of the State authorities.

Dr. Morton the energetic chairman of the committee, has resolved that nothing shall be left undone that will purge the institution of the gross abuses complained of and put it in charge of those who will not only possess the proper administrative abilities, but who will couple with them the humanity that is imperatively demanded in an institution, the inmates of which are helpless, and whose complaints of ill treatment, however well founded in fact, are generally received with distrust.

It is reported, in connection with the accusations already preferred, that since the preparation of the report alluded to, it has been discovered that at least one death was caused by the brutality of the keepers and that the fact was kept from the notice of the authorities.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The eighth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Philipsburg on Thursday September 24th. The executive committee will meet on Wednesday evening, and a full attendance is requested. The W. C. T. U. and Y. organizations have a pledge membership of over 300 with a large number of honorary members. The National W. C. T. U., which is the outgrowth of the crusade movement under the wise and efficient leadership of Miss Frances E. Willard, numbers 143,973 members, Total loss of members by secession in Iowa and Pennsylvania during the year was 7,261. The gain during the year was 8,886. (Mrs. Buell, National secretary, address.) This does not look very much as if we were in a dying condition. The fact in the case are in a healthier condition than for years, and the result is a solidarity of membership we have never before known. Report of 1890; Pennsylvania has 17,000 members of the W. 8,84 'Ys', 15,534 members of the Loyal Legion, and 380 Demorest medal contest have been held this year, and $45,855, 26 raised in money Of the 67 counties in the State 64 are organized and active in the work. The officers of this county desire and urge full attendance at the convention, which will be conducted upon the school of methods plan. Each local union and temperance society, as well as every church, will please send two delegates to represent them. Philipsburg unions cordially invite all who can to come.

No One Censured.

NEW YORK, September 10.—At 8.30 to-night, after having deliberated for more than six hours, the jury in the Park Place inqust returned an open verdict. The jury found that the people killed by the disaster lost their lives by the collapse of the buildings Nos. 68, 70, 72, and 74 Park Place, caused by the giving way of the supporting iron columns near the middle of the ground and floor, due to some sudden shock applied to said columns and not primarily due to any apparent inherent weakness. The jury was unable to find whether the breaking of these columns was due to an explosion or not. The jury recommended the legislature to authorize the fire department to periodically inspect all buildings used for printing, manufacturing and storage purpose.

—The peach season is almost over,

COCOA FOR TOBACCO.

REASONS WHY A CHANGE COULD BE MADE WITH ADVANTAGE.

Cocoa a Great Conserver of Energy—Wonderful Endurance of South Americans Who Chew the Leaves—Cocoa Better Than Tea and Coffee.

The effects of alcohol and of certain plants having theine and caffeine, or some allied alkaloid principle at their base, in exhilarating the mind to some extent, in causing physical excitement, a suspension of the sense of hunger, thirst and fatigue, and in increasing the power of endurance and ability to do work, have long been known.

The use of such plants is also almost universal in some form or other. The claim of priority in using them, as with everything else, rests with the Chinese, who put the date of the introduction of tea only at 2737 B. C. The Abyssinians are said to have used coffee over 1,000 years ago, and the Mexicans cocoa before America was discovered. Some of these wonderful plants that are chewed raw, or mixed with some other substance, or smoked, or used in the form of an infusion or decoction, are decidedly offensive to the uncultivated taste, and yet their value in physiological economy is highly appreciated, even by barbarous peoples.

Kola nuts are chewed by Africans just as Brazilians chew cocoa leaves, or some other South Americans guarana or the mate, otherwise called Paraguay tea. The Chinese smoke opium, and some other far Eastern people extol the value of hemp, and all consume these plants for the same purpose, consciously or unconsciously. It has long been known that, with the exception of alcohol, none of them contain more than a minute portion of nutritive matter, yet they can not only replace food for many days, but in its absence make the individual do more work than under ordinary circumstances, and suffer the loss of sleep for several consecutive days without injury or discomfort. They are all known by the name of conservers of energy (sparmittel).

Physiologists believe they preserve the tissue from active destruction, which generally takes place during unusual activity. Few of these plants can furnish energy through their own decomposition, and all seem to possess either the power of mental exhilaration or of exciting the energy-yielding processes. The last thought seeems to be nearest the truth.

Prof. E. J. Reichert, of the University of Pennsylvania, in a recent address, compares alcohol to a fuel thrown on a fire, for to the extent of the energy which it can yield it saves the other fuel or adds that much energy; but cocaine and caffeine act as a forced draft, supplying no energy themselves, though causing the fire to rage furiously.

The testimony adduced as to the value of cocaine, with its power to excite the energy-yielding powers, is interesting, and there is abundant proof that some of the wonderful stories about it are true. South American Indians who chew cocoa leaves display remarkable feats of strength and endurance while subsisting practically on it alone. The miners there, who also chew it every three hours, together with a handful of maize, are said to be able to do more work in twelve hours than the average well-fed European. Stevens reports that such miners, taking no other food than the leaves for four or five days, though constantly working, felt neither hunger, thirst nor fatigue, and that, too, without inconvenience or injury; furthermore, that by its use they could remain for ten days consecutively without sleep.

Markham tried it on himself and reported increased powers of endurance, under exactly similar circumstances. It produced in him, he said, an agreeable, soothing effect. As a medicine, Dr. Palmer recently tried wine of cocoa on a broken-down female contestant in a six-days' walking match, when she was well out of the race, suffering great pain and weakness. After the use of the drug only, she was like another woman, and though she suffered a serious accident later, she came out of the race pretty near the top. In a day or so thereafter she was well enough to be out in the streets.

Christison reported from experiments on himself and students that by chewing the cocoa, eventually appetite and digestion were unaffected, with the symptoms of endurance as given above. No injury was sustained at that time or subsequently in occasional trials, but he would not warrant the effect of its constant use. It has no effect on the mental faculties, except in liberating dullness and drowsiness which follow great bodily fatigue. It reduces, he says, the effect of severe, protracted exercises in accelerating the pulse.

While the statements as to the other plants are essentially of the same character, and are abundantly corrobborated, the claims made for them are not so remarkable. If cocoa has so much value it should come into greater use, especially among the poor and working people, than it has been up to this time. If it is more valuable, physiologically speaking, than tea or coffee, it should replace them on the table of the day laborer or in his dinner pail, instead of being regarded as a luxury, as it now is.

It is true that some of the patented preparations are expensive, but the good housekeeper can prepare the decoction even from the cocoa shells, which are sold in the shops for next to nothing. And if the chewing of the leaves will increase, or even husband his strength and overcome fatigue, why should not the workingman prefer them to tobacco?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

All the drums used in the U. S. Army are made by a Cincinnatti firm.

BURIED JEWELS.

Seven Thousand Dollars' Worth Interred With a Man's Body.

"I buried a man to-day with fully $7,000 worth of jewelry on his body," said an undertaker the other day. "This is the greatest amount of wealth I ever put into a grave in twenty years' experience at the business. I've buried jewelry and diamonds worth all the way from $100 to the $7,000 gift to mother earth and whenever I protested with the relatives only got, 'You are paid for doing as we say in the matter.' So in went the jewels.

"I had a rather humorous case not long ago. I was called to the residence of quite a wealthy man on East Eighty-fifth street. He died of heart disease, and wore $3,000 worth of precious stones when death claimed him. The family desired to bury the man in the clothing worn in life—a fine evening dress. They had a superstitious fear, which, by the way, is quite common, that anything taken off the body at the time of death will bring ill luck to the future possessor, so they decided to bury the diamonds with the body. Everything was arranged and the body was lying in state in the main parlor. I called on the morning of the burial and noticed finger marks on the shirt bosom. A little closer inspection showed that the original studs had been removed and false stones put in their place. The thrifty Irish butler had removed the studs while he was left on watch for a moment.

"'Bedad,' said he, 'I had no superstitions about it, and I thought it a pity to bury the jewelry with my master. The diamonds would spile his rest by lighting his surroundings.'

"There are many hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry in the graves in cemeteries like Greenwood and Woodland. There is $5,000 that I know of in a modest little plot in Calvary, and a short time ago a brother professional planted a man with $1,500 in his coat pocket. The family saw to it too, that that $1,500 went into the grave. Many of the attempts at grave robbing are more for the jewelry that is known to be in the grave than for the body. Then there is a reverse side of course, where wealthy people begrudge a decent suit of clothes. One old woman, who is said to be worth $300,000 buried her sister in a single garment that cost about $5. The coffin was costly, for the benefit of the visitors, and second-hand flowers were used. The dead woman left her uncharitable sister all of the $300,000.—N. Y. Telegram.

A Legend That Does Not Die.

"During the frequent visits I have made to Mexico," said a mining engineer of Philadelphia, "I have come in contact with many of the Indians resident there and have heard some very singular stories. One, which all the Indians unite in telling, is that far in the interior exists an enormous city, never yet visited by white men. It is described as peopled by a race similar to the ancient Aztecs, who are sun worshipers and offer human sacrifices to their deity.

"The race is said to be in a high state of civilization, and the Indians say that the city is full of huge structures which are miracles of quaint but beautiful architecture, and are situated on broad, paved streets far surpassing those of the City of Mexico.

"One Indian, I recollect, assured me that he had seen the city and its inhabitants with his own eyes, but had been afraid of being captured and had fled. Of course, I did not believe him, but, all the same, it is not a little strange that the accounts of the Mexican Indians relative to the mysterious and magnificent interior city agree perfectly."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fortunes in Phosphates.

The history of the development of the phosphate industry by Americans reads more like a romance than the truthful record of a mining pursuit. In Florida alone, where an experimental venture was made only two years ago, the industry is already established on such a basis as to involve millions of capital and employ thousands of men, adding thousands of dollars daily to the country's wealth and challenging comparison in prospective magnitude with any of the great industries of the world. The world's consumption of phosphate, which must be an indispensable article of commerce until that probable distant period when the chemist shall manufacture in the laboratory what the agriculturist now grows in the fields, is now rated at 1,500,000 tons, and increases annually at the rate of twenty-five to thirty per cent. In five years 4,000,000 tons will be required to supply the markets for the season, and in ten years 12,000,000 or 13,000,000 will be required.

Perpetual Motion at Last.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. The following is the method by which it works: A shaft exposed to the solar ray causes an up-draft of air, which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a break on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated, and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep in perpetual motion.—Pall Mall Budget.

The Value of Education.

Old Hownow—So you're through college?

Young Smilax—Yes, just graduated.

Hownow—Well, what are you going to do?

Smilax—Well, I hardly know; I've had two offers; one to go in a law office for $3 a week and the other to play third base with League team for $3,000 for the season.—Boston Courier.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—Don't forget the business men's carnival.

—The nickel-in-the-slot machines still abound.

—A fire feels good such mornings as we are having now.

—The northern light showed up handsomely Wednesday night.

—Apples are plenty and the farmers will make lots of snitz this year.

—That there is no frost these mornings is not because it isn't cold enough.

—And the cow still roams the streets of Bellefonte unmolested and unconcerned.

—If you have any job work to do you can't do better than to bring it to this office.

—If it grows much colder and would continue so it will likely produce a boom for coal.

—These cool mornings are hard on the flies; especially those that are out in the weather.

—The new Lutheran church will not grow very big this season unless the force of workmen is increased.

—County Superintendent Etters is now to be found in a snug office in the Crider building, on the diamond.

—Mr. Joseph Wise, who was so severely burned on Monday at Valentine's furnace, is slowly recovering.

—There has been more chilly, foggy weather thus far this month than we have had in September for many years.

Mr. J. B. Mayes, of the firm of J. B. Mayes & Co., marble dealers and tombstone makers, of Houserville, was in Bellefonte to-day.

—Secure your seats at once for "A Cold Day." Chart now ready and tickets on sale at Garman & Lukenbach's gents furnishing store.

—Have you made up your mind to join Miss Bishop's dancing class in Bellefonte? If you haven't you had better conclude to do so at once.

—Superintendent of water works Samuel Ryan has considerably improved the water system throughout the town by painting all the fireplugs white.

—Instead of "A Bandit King" James H. Wallick will render "A Mountain King" at the opera house on Thursday evening, September 17th. See advertisement.

—From information received we understand that a set of men are endeavoring to swindle the farmers of this and adjoining counties in some kind of a wire fence scheme. We would advise all farmers to give the men the cold shoulder.

—Yong men and business men, old men and christian men, and all the pretty girls and handsome ladies in Bellefonte shonld boom the business men's jubilee. Remember it is for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. a most worthy organization.

—Bill poster James Derr is now the happy possessor of one of the neatest and handiest handcarts of any to be seen in Bellefonte. It is so arranged that when winter comes the wheels can just be lifted off and lo, and behold; the cart is a sled.

—There will be an ice cream festival held by the citizens of Milesburg in Boggs Hall, on Friday and Saturday evening, September 11th and 12th, for the benefit of Rev. T. B. Cross, who expect to leave Milesburg soon Everybody is invited to attend and help in a good and worthy cause.

—One hundred and six cases of fever are reported from the Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards of Johnstown. Most of the cases are malaria, but many are pronounced to be genuine cases of typhoid. There is a large swamp, known as McConaughy swamp, located between Seventh and Eight avenues, which was excavated some years ago, the clay being used for the manufacture of brick. There is a deathly miasma arising from this place constantly. It has been more perceptible, however, since the warm weather began, and fever has been prevalent in that locality since.

—The sun-browned clerks and salesmen are again to be seen at their places of business. They have had their summer vacation, and refreshed and invigorated by the fortnight or month of holiday and the recreations connected with it, are prepared to again begin the battle of trade. The summer vacations are great institutions Time was, and not very long since either when they were almost unknown, but now they are practically universal, save among that class who, dependent upon their daily earnings, have neither the time nor the money to spare for a vacation. They must toil on year in and year out, with only such holiday intervals as are measurably forced upon them by recurring Decoration day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before, he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it, and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfactory. Trial bottle free at

C. M. Parrish. Drugstore.

AT GRANGE PARK.

TENTS RAPIDLY GOING UP AND THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING.

Over at Grange Park, Centre Hall, all is already bustle and confusion. The stars and stripes are floating proudly above the headquarters tent and inside Hon. Leonard Rhone is as busy as two bees entertaining callers and transacting business relative to the picnic next week. Over the ground scores of men are at work erecting permanent buildings for exhibitors and tents for the pleasure seekers. There will be this year about a half dozen more large exhibition buildings than there were last and as for tents for families, etc., there will be a large number more than there were last year, or about 350 all told. The railroad company has erected a large baggage room and express office in addition to their other building and will bring the large tent for the auditorium and place the same in position to-morrow. Quite a number of tents will he occupied on Saturday.

As to exhibitions, there is every promise of there being a great many more this year than there ever has been before. Pennsylvania State College has an entire building. There will be some five or six Philadelphia houses represented. It is not yet known just how many Bellefonte business men will be represented, but it is likely to be a goodly number. The stock exhibition will far exceed anything of the kind of previous years. All in all there is promise of a good time all next week.

Spots on the Sun.

Astronomers have this summer discovered an extraordinarily large number of spots on the sun, and predictions are made of severe atmospheric disturbances. Weather predictions are an uncertain quantity, however, and there's no cause for worry. One thing is certain, Klein's celebrated brands of "Silver Age" and Duquesne" pure rye whiskies are gaining in public favor every day. A reliable stimulant should always be kept in the house, more especially in summer, when sudden sickness is liable to attack us. "Silver Age" sells at $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart. Both are indorsed and prescribed by physicians. You can have Gibson, Finch, Guckenheimer or Overholt at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00. Try Klein's Blackberry Brandy, pure juice of the berry, $1.00 per quart. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the country. Send for complete catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

BURIED IN A CHICKENYRD.—On Wednesday of last week Coburn had its sensation, when it was noised about that an infant child had been found buried in a chicken yard. The facts in the case are these. Carolina Wilson, a young woman of 19 years, of Hublersburg, came to Coburn about four weeks ago, making her home with her sister, Mrs. Monroe Kreamer. On the 31st of last month at about noon the girl gave birth to a healthy child. A few hours later the child was dead and that same night the inhuman mother had it buried in the chicken yard on her sister's premises. Mrs. John Rote, a neighbor, who attended the young woman, reported the strange proceedings to Squire Garthoff, who at once reported the matter to District Attorney Meyer at Bellefonte. The later wired back to have the corpse dug out and a jury ordered empanelled. The body was examined by a physician summoned for that purpose but nothing could be found to indicate that the child died an unnatural death. It then received decent burial and the Wilson woman, was arrested on Tuesday evening on the charge of concealing the death of a bastard child, and was committed to jail yesterday. At this writing the jury had not yet arrived at a verdict, as to how the child came to its death.—*Journal.*

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

He Thought of Her.

"Do I think of you? you ask dearest," wrote a husband to his wife. "Do I think of you? Yes I do, especially when a button comes off or I find a hole in my stocking."

"I am glad you think of me darling," she wrote in reply. "I used to think a great deal of you when I wanted to go to a concert or the theatre, or when I felt like having a drive, but since I have found a gentleman friend who has willing to take your place I have not been troubled so much."

He took the next train for home, nursing a volcano of wrath in his bosom the whole distance. It is needless to say that the conflict was a short one; a man could't stay angry long in the presence of her sparkling eyes and merry laughter. But he felt she had served him right, and his future letters will doubtless show more appreciation of her wifely attributer.

TAKE WARNING.

And don't let the germs of that vile disease catarrh, take root and flourish in your system. Sulphur Bitters will prevent this and will make you strong and healthy.—*Bloomsburg Weekly Press.*

—The Lutheran Church Social will meet at the home of Emanuel Brown on Bishop Street, this Evening at which Chicken and Waffles will be the leading feature in the line of refreshments accompanied with Ice Cream and Cake and at anytime after 6 o'clock. As this is an object worthy of patronage we would suggest that all go and get a good Supper, at the very low price 35 cents. A Pleasant social treat is promised to all who may attend.

The Labor Congress.

NEW CASTLE, September 6.—The trades union congress resumed its deliberations to-day.

The proceedings up to the present have disclosed that among the new trades unions and newer members of the old trades unions there is a predominance of feeling which shows that they are deeply imbued with socialism and kindred doctrins.

The first test of the strength of these two parties in the vote taken yesterday upon the question of an international 8-hour law The delegates represented the northern miners' unions led the opposition to the proposition to place the congress on record as being in favor of an international 8 hour law. The delegates representing the northern miner's unions led the opposition to the proposition to place the congress on record as being in favor of an international 8-hour law. They contended that a universal law fixing uniform hours of work would seriously injure the workmen outside of certain favored districts.

Delegate Knight, reprerenting a boiler makers union, declared that he could see in foreign government interference in labor problems the reason why it is proposed to ask the British government to regulate the hours of labor in Great Britian. This according to the speaker, was to go back 100 years. At the resumption of business to-day, by a vote of 242 to 156, a motion to the effect that a bill reducing or fixing the hours of labor ought to be of a permissive or optional character was carried after considerable discussion.

Some World's Fair Schemes.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—At the meeting of the National Columbian Commission this morning. Commissioner Mercer, of Wyoming, presented a resolution setting forth that the question of policing the Fair while open, is one of great importance and suggesting the propriety of making arrangements with the various States for sending their militia to the Fair in succession to act in the capacity of Guards of honor and police upon the grounds. The resolution was laid on the table as outside of the power of the Commission. Commissioner Martindale, of Indiana, presented a resolution for the appointment of a historian of the Fair. It was referred to the Committee on Judiciary with instructions to report what salary should be paid to that official. The Commission adjourned to meet next April.

At the meeting of the Board of Lady Managers a motion was carried to meet informally to-night to choose a national flower. A committee was appointed to seclect examples of the specially notable brilliant achievements of women, to be made a separate display in the Woman's Building. This display would range from literature and art to cooking. It was announced that a portion of the money set apart for foreign advertisement would probably be made available tor the use of the ladies in sending agents abroad to work in the interest of the Woman's Department.

Deafness Can't Be Cured.

by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

A Swindler's Little Game Nipped.

An Erie pa., dispatch says.

A clever swindler, giving his name as L. Baldwin, was arrested here last night. Baldwin engaged an office in this city and advertised in all the local newspapers for a young man for a collector who could furnish $25 for security. This sum he required deposited before the applicant could begin work. About twenty young men answered the advertisement, but Baldwin became so importunate for the deposit of the money that the parents of one of the boys became suspicious and obtained his arrest before he had succeeded in working his little game.

An Eight-Hour Petition.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 8.—A petition from forty-two employes of the Huntingdon reformatory was presented to the governor to-day asking that the eight-hour law passed at the last session of the legislature be enforced in their case. The employes say they have been compelled to sign a contract to work twelve hours per day, and that they are threatened with suspension if they refuse to violate the state law and quit when their eight hours are up. Gov. Pattison has taken the matter under advisement.

Excursion Tickets.

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell excursion tickets from Bellefonte and all intermediate stations to Grange Park from September 14th to the 19th, good to return until the 22nd.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Sept. 9 1891.

Louis Ragnarelli: Louis S. Barter, Joseph Fedorka; J. W. Jay; C. M. Lyin; Mike Myhan.

When called for please say advertsed.

J. A. FIEDLER.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affection caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish Drugstore.

A PERFECT, PROMPT, and radical cure for Diarrhea and Dysentery, is Humphreys' Specifice NOS. FOUR and FIVE. Thousands use them with complete success.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*
HOFFA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

I GIVE AWAY
To every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a free bottle of that most wonderful medicine, **Floraplexion,** which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.
I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,
PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.
Feb 20-29-1y

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

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Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.
SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials, exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. Office Hours—Every Day from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M., Evenings 6—9, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.
For References see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
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Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and card sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SULPHUR BITTERS
The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.
This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take
BLUE PILLS
or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or high colored?
Don't Wait!
Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use
Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
The Invalid's Friend.
The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL
PURELY — CALIFORNIA
DR. WALKER'S
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS
GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVER
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all a life-giving stimulant without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers in the world.
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE, far surpassing alcohol in any shape or form it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in sponsfui.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* as no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THERE OUT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is no *disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of
THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in *a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.
Send for our Ladies book. Address
Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO
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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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Excellent for females weakly persons and the aged

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THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hanging until they shrink and become partly raisined before gathering. Its invaluable
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are unsurpassed by any other Wines. Being produced under Mr. Speer's personal supervision, it purity and genuineness are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child and the weakest invalids use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex.
It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON
Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.
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It is held in high estimation for its richness as Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.
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Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.
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IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medical purposes.
It has a peculiar flavor, simular to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.
See that the signature of "ALFRED SPEER Passaic, N. J.," is over the cork of each bottle.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS WHO KEEP FIRST CLASS WINES.
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Send for INVENTORS' GUIDE, or How to Obtain a Patent.
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FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen (under Centre county bank building High street Bellefonte, Pa.

ELECTRIC BELLS.—Door and Table Bells, Annunciators, and all kinds of Electrical Supplies constantly on hand. Will be pleased to give estimates
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of Philadelphia.
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PURELY MUTUAL. ALL POLICIES HAVE LOAN VALUES.
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Love on a Hearse.!

Everybody on the West Side knows Barney Sullivan. He drives a hearse for a Madison street undertaker. He wears a fuzzy old plug hat and a monkey-fur cape. Barney also takes great pride in his whiskers. They are of a pleasing though rather tyrranical red, and exude only from his chin.

Not long ago Barney met the Widow McGraw, whose husband was killed last summer in the Burlington yards. It was at a wake that Barney became acquainted with the Widow McGraw. Barney was invited to call, which he did, and on leaving it was arranged that they should go buggy riding Sunday afternoon, if the day was fine.

Barney forgot all about engaging a rig until 10 o'clock yesterday morning. He went to several stables on the West Side, but could not hire a horse for love or money. There wasn't a horse or buggy to be had in all Chicago. As a last resort he hitched up a team of cream-colored horses to a white hearse and started for Prairie avenue. In front of where the widow is employed he turned in so close that the wheels of the hearse scraped against the curbstone. People in the neighborhood went out on the front steps to inquire who was dead. Presently Barney and the widow came out of the house and mounted the driver's box. They drove in impressive dignity down Drexel boulevard and then turned the heads of the cream-colored horses toward Jackson Park. Thousands of persons saw the strange vehicle circling around the park, but they didn't know what to make of it. Barney and the widow paid no attention to the caustic comments made upon them from time to time. They enjoyed the drive as well as they would have done in a landau.

For on the way home it was all planned that the Widow McGraw will soon change her name to Sullivan.—Chicago Herald.

A Kentucky Breakfast.

Never before had Chef Philips, of the Auditorium hotel, been nonplused when asked to prepare a meal. From cold lunch to a Lucullian banquet he had been at home. And the details of every conceivable dish he had imagined he possessed at his finger's ends. But when on the morning following the arrival of Henry Watterson, the bell boy appeared before the chef and told him that Mr. Watterson wanted a Kentucky breakfast the chef was confronted with his Waterloo, says the Chicago Post.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"A Kentucky breakfast," the bell boy replied.

Not wishing to confess his ignorance to the bell boy the chef waved him aside and went himself to the great editor's room.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Watterson," he said, as in response to a "come in" he entered and found the journalist in bed, "but I fear the bell boy did not correctly understand your order. He said you wanted a Kentucky breakfast."

"Well, that is just what I wanted," said the journalist, adding a little impatient, "and I want it right away."

"What is a Kentucky breakfast, sir?"

Mr. Watterson gazed pityingly at the chef, then settling down in the bed he pulled the clothes over his head and replied:

"Two drinks of whisky and a chew of tobacco."

Ambidexterity in Shaving.

There are lots of barbers in this city who won't hire a man that can not shave himself with either hand. Of the people who shave themselves forty-nine out of fifty cannot hold their razor in but one hand. Yet it is just as easy and much more convenient to shave the right side of your face with your right hand and the left side with the left hand, if you only begin that way. No two men who shave themselves do the work alike, especially if they took it up before going to a barber. I know a wealthy Back Bay man who shaves himself standing in the corner of his room and facing the wall. In youth he was a poor country boy, and like most boys, bought a razor on the quiet. But he had no looking-glass in his chamber, and rather than let his folks know what he was up to, he faced the wall and scraped away by sense of feeling. Once learned that way he never had use for a glass. I knew an old farmer in the country who shaved himself sitting on a milking-stool and looking at his reflection in a bucket of water. That was the way he learned when a boy, and he said he couldn't shave himself standing up.—Boston Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Jane as an Unlucky Name.

Jane as borne by the Royal families of Europe has always been a name of ill-omen. Lady Jane Gray was beheaded for treason; Jane Seymour was one of the victims of King Hal; Jane Beaufort, wife of James I. of Scotland, was savagely murdered. Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XII., was repudiated for her want of personal beauty; Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV., was poisoned by Catherine de Medici: Jane of Castile lost her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip the handsome, Archduke of Austria; Jane I. of Naples caused her husband to be murdered and married his assassin, and Jane II. of Naples was one of the most wanton of women. —American Notes and Queries.

ESKIMOS OF ALASKA.

THE LIFE, HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THESE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

They are Honest and Industrious—The Women Do as Much Work as the Men. Tattooing Practiced—Ornaments Universally Worn.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, the United States agent of education in Alaska, has prepared a very interesting paper upon the Eskimos of Arctic Alaska, among whom he spent the summer months last year. In pursuing his investigations Dr. Jackson traveled 5000 miles from the Aleutian islands to Point Barrow and thence back to Unalaska. The Innuit family comprises about 1700 souls. In the extreme north they are of medium stature but from Cape Prince of Wales to Icy Cape and on the great inland rivers emptying into the Arctic ocean they are a large race, many of them being six feet and over in height.

They are lighter in color and fairer than the North American Indian, with high cheek bones, fleshy faces, small hands and feet and good teeth; the men have thin beards.

Lieut. Cantwell in his exploration of the Kowak river makes record that upon one occasion when he wanted a heavy stone for an anchor, a woman went out and alone loaded into her birch bark canoe and brought him a stone that would weigh 800 pounds. Another explorer speaks of a woman carrying off on her shoulders a box of lead weighing 280 pounds.

In erecting the school buildings in the Arctic (there being no drays or horses in that country) all the timbers, lumber, hardware, etc., had to be carried from the beach to the site of the house on the shoulders of the people. The women carried the same loads as the men.

They are, as a rule, industrious, men and women doing their individual part towards the family support.

In a general way they are honest. Property entrusted to them by the whites is kept secure. Property stowed away in a cache or tent needs no lock or watchman. A white man can leave with one of them, who is an entire stranger to him, $100 or $200 worth of trade goods, saying, "Buy me some furs, and I will be back here next year." The following season the native with the furs is in waiting for the expected arrival.

They are exceedingly dirty and filthy in their person and clothing. A very successful missionary, who has spent many years north of the Arctic circle, says that he tried to make it a rule when traveling with a dog sled to wash his face at least once a week, but that he had not always been able to do it.

The Alaska Eskimo is a good-natured, docile and accommodating race. Wherever met and under whatever circumstances they have a smile of welcome and in many ways show a friendly spirit.

They have also manifested an unexpected interest in the establishment of schools among them, which promises well for the future.

Both sexes tattoo more or less elaborately their faces, hands and arms and wear bracelets, amulets, and while women only wear the labret in Southeastern Alaska, the men alone wear it in Northern Alaska.

These labrets are made of stone, jade, coal, ivory, bone and glass. They are shaged like a silk hat in miniature. The labret is three-fourths of an inch in diameter, one inch in diameter at the rim and one inch long. The ring is kept inside the mouth and holds the labret in place.

Many wear this labret on the one side of the mouth, and on the other a much larger one, resembling a large sleeve button.

During boyhood a hole is cut through the lower lip below each corner of the mouth and an ivory plug inserted until the wound heals. After healing the hole is stretched from time to time until it reaches about half an inch in diameter. Into this they insert the labret.

The Shaman, or medicine man, like the poet, is born not made. At birth there are certain indications that he is to be set apart for the sacred office of healing, and when he is of suitable age he is put into training for his work. One of the indispensable conditions for success in it is that the student shall partake of the flesh of a witch, and unfortunately some innocent and defenceless member of the tribe must suffer to satisfy the demand.

The usual manner of treating those accused of being witches was illustrated at Chicago last March. The victim was a young woman, eighteen years old, and her accuser was an enemy. Her hands were tied behind her naked body, her head was drawn by her hair backward at right angles with her chest, her feet were stretched up on the back, and both feet and head were fastened to the hands. In this condition she was rescued and sent away from her would-be murderers.

Their traditions are childish, like those of all barbarous people. They worship the spirit of the air and of water, and imagine that the souls of their ancestors, which they also worship, have their final rest in the raven; hence that bird, regarded sacred, is quite tame, and in winter time comes to their dwellings for food.

The Horse's Strong Stomach.

Nothing on earth will upset a horse's stomach. This is not because the horse does not feel pain, but simply because the horse has no gall bladder. Has any body ever seen a horse sick at sea? Has any body ever known an emetic to have any effect on a horse? At a bull-fight a horse may be seen eating with its entrails trailing on the ground. As for the contention that a horse is not as sensitive to pain as a man, I think that a horse is probably a great deal more so.—London Truth.

Lances.

During the Afghan wars many of our foes would throw themselves on the ground out of reach of sabre cuts, and when our horsemen had swept past, rise to deliver a fatal shot from behind, or mortally wound men or horses with their razor-edged swords and knives as they galloped over them. During the recent Soudan campaigns, too, the men of the Tenth and Nineteenth Hussars were glad to arm themselves with spears taken from the Arabs, for their horses would not go near enough the bush where the dusky foes had taken refuge to enable them to utilize their swords. Even in a European campaign the same difficulty would often be experienced where calvary got in among the guns of a hostile battery. It is extremely difficult to get horses to go close up to guns, and the gunners crouching behind the wheels are usually perfectly secure from the attack of any swordsman.

It has been objected to the lance that at close quarters it becomes useless, and that, therefore, in the melee which sometimes succeeds a charge soldiers armed with it alone would be more or less at the mercy of those who handled a sabre. With regard to this, it should be remembered that anything like a melee is usually of very short duration indeed, and that pratically, when quadrons charge one another, one side or other gives way before actual collision takes place at all. The casualties which swell the returns of killed and wounded generally occur during the pursuit of beaten foes, and hand-to-hand contests and feats of skill at arms are extremely rare in the rush and tumult of the fight. The arrangements adopted by the French, however, appear admirably calculated to obviate any objections on this score, for the front rank could rely on the moral effect and length of reach of one weapon, while the rear rank would supplement its deficiencies with the other. Even enthusiastic swordmen will admit the efficiency of points as against cuts.—The Saturday Review.

A New Religion.

A little over four years ago three well-known men suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from St. Louis, leaving no apparent trace as to where they had gone. They are Col. Celsus Price and Quantius Price, sons of Sterling Price, once Governor of Missouri and popularly known as "Pap" Price, and Dr. J. C. Nidelet. Last week the first of the three appeared again in St. Louis and announced that he was the bearer of a commission instructing him to begin the preaching of a new religion which he and his two associates have undertaken to propagate. By mutual agreement they abandoned ambition and friends in order to prosecute researches into the domain of higher religion and devote their lives and labors to the service of God. After four years of study and thought one of them returns to give the public the result and make a revelation of the new code of morals.

Col. Price, when questioned, said: "It is a Christian order as we understand Christianity. There is in its doctrines or discoveries nothing that the most ardent Christian cannot accept. There is nothing in it that controverts the teachings of Jesus, for Jesus knew and was right when he taught. We endorse the Scriptures with both hands up. The Bible is a basis of our doctrines, but we also have other works that are, equally with the Bible, bases of our work. We believe in and teach the very ancient Brahmo-Indian philosophy. But we are not Theosophists."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Well-Paid Clergymen.

New York pays handsome salaries to her high-up preachers. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, gets $12,000 a year and $4,000 besides for house rent. Bishop Potter receives $9,000 yearly and $3,000 for house. Rectors Rainsford, Brown and Huntington have each $8,000 and rectories besides. Among Presbyterian clergymen, John Hall has $12,000 and a house. Paxton $10,000, while Taylor, of Broadway Tabernacle, receives $16,000, and the church carries a $50,000 insurance for his family.

Heber Newton and Robert Collyer are $6,000 men, but earn good sums in lecturing or literary work. The Reformed Dutch church has paid each of its pastors $8,000, with a more than half pay retiring pension, and is to pay Dr. Burrell $10,000. Charles F. Deems is the most independent preacher in New York. Commodore Vanderbilt bequeathed him $20,000 in money and the life use with pew rents of a large church. At his death the church will go back to the Vanderbilt estate. While the popular preacher lives in clover and enjoys many perquisites outside his salary, the smaller fry have just as hard a time as other men—and in preaching as well as in other professions, it is only the few who are on top.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Chinese Alligators.

Two examples of the Chinese alligator have just reached the Zoological Gardens, They are the first that have ever been exhibited here alive. The alligator is so distinctively an American animal that the proof, so recently as 1879, of the species in China was extremely interesting. Nevertheless, the Chinese classics contain numerous references to the creature, and even pictures, which could be easily recognized as being meant for a crocodile of some sort. It is to be hoped that the specimens at the Zoo will bear out the notion of the extreme longevity of the reptile. Its name is apparently used in certain parts of China in the same sense as Methusaleh in this country. Marco Polo wrote about this animal, and recommended its gall as an excellent remedy for the bite of a mad dog and for various other complaints, so that it seems to have been the mediæval equivalent of some of our much advertised remedies of the present day. Curiously enough, the beast is even now made use of in Chinese medicine.—London Daily News.

HEART FAILURE.

THE WARNINGS ARE PLAIN—BEWARE!

No hour passes that some one does not drop dead of Heart Failure. The first symptoms of this fatal disease may be slight, *but do not fail to heed them if you value your life.*

A nervous, weak weary feeling, giddiness, swimming of head, strange, faint feelings trembling, sinking, sensation, coldness of feet and legs, fluttering or apprehension, anxiety, drowsiness daytimes, sleeplessness nights.

Neglect of these symptoms will result in *Heart Failure, Spasms or Neuralgia of the Heart or Death.*

If you use the great nerve and heart remedy, Dr. Green's Nervura, when the first spmptoms appear, it will prevent all danger of heart failure. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and its use offers the only sure hope of curing this terrible disease and everting the fatal result. Druggists sell it for $1.00.

WELL AT BREAKFAST—PROSTRATED AT NOON.

"I was troubled with Heart disease. Some mornings I would be surprised when I woke and found myself alive, for I expected a sudden death any moment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Green's Nervura, and must say that it has rapidly brought me to health and strength. I have now taken four bottles and call myself cured and I must certainly say that it is the most wonderful remedy for the Nerves, Brain and heart that has ever been discovered.

J. J. Commerford,
131 Main St., Bockton, Mass."

N. B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

Everyone who has once used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup invariably resorts to it again for colds, etc.

When vice prevails and impious men bear away." When cuts, sprains, bruises torment all the day; Taen ease from pain—from care and hurt are sent By great Salvation Oil, the standard liniment.

PENSIONS AND CLAIMS.

A gentleman representing MILO B. STEVENS & Co., Pension Attorneys, Washington D.C. can be seen at the Eagleville Hotel Eagleville Friday Sept. 18th (day) at Mountain House Snow Shoe City Saturday Sept. 19th (day) and at Bush House Bellefonte Tuesday Sept. 22nd (day and evening by persons desiring information concerning pensions, bounties, etc., or having claims which they desire to have prosecuted by said attorneys. Fee in each case increase claims reduced by law to. $2.

"Looking Backward" is the title of a book dealing with events of the future. If you suffer from coughs, you can look forward to a speedy cure by using Old Saul's Cough Cure. Price 25 cts.

Babies are too highly prized to permit them to suffer with colic, flatulence, etc. when Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will at once relieve them. 25 cents.

VERY VALUABLE BUT COSTS NOTHING.

The best example of getting something for nothing which has come to our knowledge, is the decision of the great specialist, Dr. Greene, 35 W. 14th Street, New York, to give to the sick and suffering consultation and advice free. Enormous fees are charged by physicians of the great skill and wonderful power to cure disease possessed by Dr. Greene, and the fact that he can now be consulted, personally, or by letter, free, is a matter of congratulation for every community. Dr. Greene is the discover of that great nerve remedy. Our people will be especially interested in the fact that this eminent physician has made a specialty of treating the sick through letter, giving correspondence. Sufferers who have failed to get relief cannot afford to neglect this great opportunity, but should write to Dr. Greene at once. Be sure and send for his symptom blank to fill out.

The worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of blood, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The combined circulation of the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Seed-Time and Harvest*, and *Farm Poultry*, will soon exceed one million copies. All three will be sent one year for only one dollar by the Seed-Time and Harvest Co., La Plume, Pa. a31—2m.

A Sudden Shower.

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or skurry under the sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother voices call
From alien homes, and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above all
The thunder grim reverberates,

And then abrupt, the rain, the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow bells clank;
And into the town comes galloping
The farmer's horse with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stems of the hollyhock;
And sullenly in spattered brown
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rose bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

—J. Whitcomb Riley in Savannah News.

The Lizard's Love of Music.

"When in Switzerland two years ago I made the acquaintance of some lizards living in the crevices of one of the sunny walls of our garden. As I had somewhere heard that lizards have a good ear for music, I resolved to prove the fact; so one afternoon, armed with a small musical-box, I wended my steps to their tomato-covered home. Before I had finished the first tune a considerable audience had collected—an audience it was a pleasure to play to, for the lizards were far more attentive than most human beings. Out peered head after head, a little on one side, in a listening attitude. I gave my little friends a musical entertainment (varied by whistling) nearly every day, and before long they got much bolder, and would venture right out of their holes, and lie motionless on the broad ledge of the wall, their bright black eyes half closed as a rule, but opening now and then to give me a lazy wink of enjoyment."—London Spectator.

A Russian Horse Market.

To the annual horse market in Koorsk, remonteurs (military horse-trainers), have come from Turkey, Roumania, Austria and Germany to purchase horses for the artillery of respective countries. They bought altogether 45,000 horses in the following lots: Germany, 13,000; Roumania, 4,000; Austria, 17,000, and Turkey, 11,000. Besides this large number of horses which the foreign agents have procured in Koorsk at the general horse market, they have procured about 12,000 animals in small lots in other localities, and propose to scour the country along the Don in search of more horses to suit their purpose. The peasants of the whole region, and even the Cossacks on the Don are selling their horses at any price that is offered them, because they have no food for them, on account of scarcity of rain, which prevents any crop this season.—N. Y. Sun.

Classified Sinners.

"Eight sinners came forward for prayers the other night," said a gentleman now conducting revival services to a Cincinnati Times-Star reporter—"eight sinners— some of the highest social standing and some of no standing at all.' What would John Wesley have said to such a speech as that or what his inspired brother, Charles? Social standing discussed at the altar! A story is related that, when one day the Duke of Wellington was kneeling at the altar to partake of the communion, a peasant knelt by his side for the same religious purpose. An officious person standing by whispered, in words the Iron Duke could not but overhear: "Come away from there. Don't you know you are kneeling by the side of the Duke of Wellington?" "Let him remain," interrupted the Duke, "there is no rank at this altar."

The Irish Pig of the Rushes.

In Ireland the newt is called "aire luichair," which literally means "the pig of the rushes." It is held in great esteem for its curative powers. When caught, the person who is anxious to receive the curative power takes the aire luichair in his hand and licks the creature all over—head, feet, belly, legs, sides and all—and the tongue of the person who thus licks the aire luichar is said to afterward possess the power of taking the pain and sting out of a burn. The aire luichar crawling across the throat of one suffering from quinsy, and the hands of a person who has licked or even recently handled one of the little creatures, is thought to be a sovereign remedy for that disease. There is also a prevailing idea that the aire luichair is always on the watch to crawl down the throat of any person who happens to fall asleep out of doors.—St. Louis Republic.

The Rule of a Perfect Figure.

The proportions of the human figure are six times in length that of the right foot. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good on an average. Any deviation from the rule is a departure from the beauty of proportion. It is claimed that the Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature; the hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is also one-tenth of the total height. From the crown to the nape of the neck is one-twelfth of the stature.

Parental Misgivings.

Father of Eleven Daughters (prowling about with a lighted lamp)—"There's one of the girls that hasn't come in yet."

Mother of Same—"I think you are mistaken, William. They're all up stairs."

"I know what I'm talking about, Elizabeth. There's only ten wads of gum on the back of this bureau."—Chicago Tribune.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other.

Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists; $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of 5/A *Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much: The fact that 5/A *Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

Ask for 5/A Five Mile, Boss, Electric, Extra Test, Baker

HORSE BLANKETS

ARE THE STRONGEST.

100 5/A STYLES

at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the 5/A Book. You can get it without charge.

WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Day's Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE TO YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO., Phila., Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of Ephraim Rupp, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, as shown by his account filed, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Monday the 21st day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons are required to present their claims or else be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

S. G. WILSON, Auditor.

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Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE.

M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

Worn-out, "run-down," feeble women, need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It builds them up. It's a powerful, restorative tonic, or strength-giver—free from alcohol and injurious drugs. The entire system is renewed and invigorated. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, gives refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. As a soothing nervine, it allays and subdues hysteria, spasms, and all the nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It's the only *guaranteed* medicine for women. It does what is promised—or it asks nothing. It gives satisfaction, in every case, or the money paid for it is refunded.

That's the way its makers prove their faith in it. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate *medicine*, not a *beverage*. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

HEISKELL'S OINTMENT JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. HEISKELL'S OINTMENT FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO PHILADELPHIA

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM

USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple **Pimples** to obstinate **Eczema**; also **Itching Piles. 50 CTS.** per box.

☞ **Send** for **"Hints for Kitchen and Sick-Room,"** a handy book for the household. **FREE.**

PASTOR KOENIGS TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine Refugio, of Texas, writes: I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 7, 1891.

Before I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I could not sleep nights and had a numbness of the legs, arms and sometimes all over the body, but after taking the second dose of your Nerve Tonic I could sleep well, and in three days all numbness was gone and have not felt it since.

FERDINAND BRENN.

274 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, March, 1891.

A young man of 32 years, affected with epilepsy for over 20 years and a very bad case, having at least 10 to 12 fits daily, after using all kinds of medicines without benefit, used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the desired effect.

N. QUINTAL.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

A. C. MOORE.....AGENT.

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HELP WANTED. Better than a Gold Mine. No capital needed. No risk, but $10 to $15 a day profit. Teachers, students, ministers, bright men and ladies wanted in every town and county. No experience needed. Credit given if desired. Be early this time and secure first choice of exclusive territory on this brand new book.

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The story of the Nations as told in the brilliant deeds and grand achievements of the world's heroes and heroines. A rich storehouse of history, travel, adventure, and the weird and wonderful events of the "times that tried men's souls." Thrilling stories of the days of chivalry, startling heroic achievements of warriors and crusaders. Also a vast collection of the rarest gems of English and American historical literature. The most wonderful new book of to-day, the great self-educator; just the book the people want. Over 350 grand historical illuminations. Half-tone steel engravings, and brilliant oil-colored plates. Everybody finds it a bonanza of success. It sells without asking. No capital, no risk. Straight business and big profits. Splendid illustrated circulars and full particulars sent free. Address,

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We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Telephone connection.

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One and One.

The last red glimmer of the sun
Shines through the open door,
And lies in straggling bars upon
The well-worn school-house floor.
Before the grave young master's chair
A weeping maiden stands,
As with a nervous, puzzled air
The ciphered page he scans.

"It is no use," she said, "to try;
I cannot get it right."
"See here," the master said, and held
The figures to her sight:
"This problem that has kept you here
Had long ago been done
Had you not said in adding dear,
That one and one make one."
"But isn't that ——" She stopped confused;
Her blue eyes sought the floor,
A look was on the master's face
She had not seen before.
"Not quite, my dear," he gently said,
"That is, in sums like this:
But yet, I think, there are times when
'Twould not be far amiss."

And then, but, pshaw! why undertake
To tell just what was said?
Full often has the tale been told
Since Eve and Adam wed.
The logic that the master used
To make the matter plain
Was used by man since earth began,
And seldom used in vain.

The swaying trees a tale of love
Seemed whispering to the brook
As man and maid, adown the glade,
Their homeward journey took.
Now, hand in hand, they pass life's school
Their knottiest problem done;
They've solved it by the good old rule
Of "One and one make one."

—Yankee Blade.

Author of The Little Hatchet Story.

An interesting character in American history is the Rev. Mason L. Weems, pastor of Pohick Church, and biographer of George Washington. He was something of a romancer, and to his powers of invention we owe some very interesting stories of the childhood of the Father of the Country. The most familiar and celebrated of these anecdotes is the one which tells how little George hacked his father's favorite cherry tree, and when taken to task about it nobly replied:

"I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet."

At one time Mr. Weems was engaged as a colporteur. An incident which occurred during this time shows that he had a good deal of human nature and, despite his cloth, exhibited on occasion something of the old Adam. It seems that one of his customers, to whom he had sold a Bible, demanded a receipt for the money paid for a copy of this Holy Writ. Mr. Weems construed this demand as an insult. He gave the receipt, but in so doing he contrived to avenge his wounded feelings. The event occurred in the season of the summer solstice, and the receipt read as follows:

"Received, on the longest day of the year, from the most particular man in the world, the smallest possible price for the best book ever published."—Washington Post.

The Python and the Boy.

A story of unusual voracity and daring on the part of a python has reached us from Muka, says the Sawal (Borneo) News. At Judan, a village six miles from Muka, a man and his son, aged from ten to twelve years, were sleeping in their house, inside a mosquito curtain. They were on the floor near the wall. In the middle of the night the father was awakened by his son calling out. The lamp was out and the father passed his hand over his son, but found nothing amiss, so he turned over and went to sleep again, thinking the boy was dreaming.

Shortly afterward the child again called out, saying that a crocodile was taking him. This time the father, thoroughly aroused, felt again and found that a snake had closed his jaws on the boy's head. He then pried open the reptile's mouth and released the head of his son, but the beast drew the whole of his body in the house and encircled the body of the father. He was rescued by the neighbors, who were attracted by the cries for help of the terrified couple. The snake when killed was found to be about fifteen feet long. The head and forehead of the boy are encircled with punctured wounds produced by the python's teeth.

A Historic Kettle.

A lady residing at Tribes Hill, N. Y., is in possession of a massive copper teakettle which dates back to the days of the revolution and has an interesting history. It then belonged to Adam Fonda, whose father was tomahawked during Sir Johnson's raid, in 1780, his house being burned at the same time. Adam Fonda lived on the banks of the Cayadutta, and his house was also burned. One of the the Tories who was engaged in this vandalism saw in this house a teakettle which was too good to be destroyed, and he took it and filled it with butter which had just been churned. He then hid it under the Cayadutta Bridge, expecting to return that way, but he never came back for it, and not long afterward some children playing under the bridge discovered it. This kettle was the was only article saved from the house.—Good Housekeeping.

A Boot and Shoe Museum.

One section of the great historical collection at Dresden is literally a museum of boots and shoes, being, it is believed, unequalled in the world as a repository for the footwear of celebrities. Among the things of interest shown are a pair of shoes worn by Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, and the toilet slippers of the great Maria Theresa. In a sealed case are shown the boots worn by Napoleon at the battle of Dresden, and the jack boots of Peter the Great.

An Easy Explanation.

"I don't see how you manage to keep warm in this house in cold weather," said a visitor to a Dakota farmer.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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IS A MAXIM THAT APPLIES WITH PECULIAR FORCE TO SCHOOLS.

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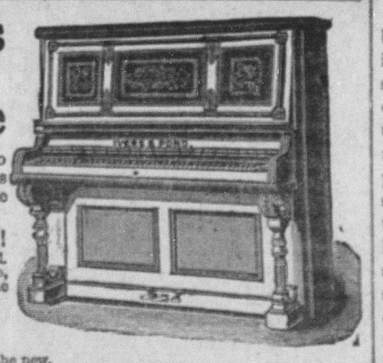
From Rev James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate* Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23 1y

Square Pianos ARE GOING Out of Style



fast. We shall probably never be able to allow as much for your old square piano as we can now. They will soon have little or no marketable value.

GET YOUR UPRIGHT OR GRAND NOW!

If you contemplate changing send us a postal card. We will send printed questions about the old piano, and from your answers we can estimate its value as well as if we saw it.

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THE WHITE HOUSE DOGS.

Dash, Jack and Rab and the Peculiar Characteristics of Both.

The White House dogs are no unimportant party of its life below stairs. Neither Mrs. Harrison nor, indeed, any member of her family like dogs around the house, and so the animals who have the proud satisfaction of dwelling in a White House kennel are content with it and the surroundings that the gardens afford for their every-day life. The pet dog of the establishment, and looked upon by both the President and Mrs. Harrison as a valued friend, is the Scotch collie, Dash. Dash is a fighter, not because he likes it particularly, but just on general principles. He came with the family from Indianapolis and his high-tempered proceedings there have not deserted him. On the contrary he seems to feel that a great deal more depends on his ability to chew up any other animal who foolishly risks his fur within his reach. In Indianapolis, and here for a time, Dash took a great deal of pleasure in following the family carriage down town or anywhere else it happened to be going. Especially when the ladies emerged from their shopping, they would usually find Dash in the middle of a conflict with some other rash animal. The scene of the fight was under the carriage, which territory Dash felt bound to protect from all intruders. These little inconsistencies of temper made him rather an unwise companion and now the special province of Dash is to keep the White House grounds free from unsafe intruders. When the weather permits, little Benjamin McKee enjoys above everything else a romp in the grounds with his friend Dash, who is very fond of children, despite his warelike disposition on the road. Some of the encounters in which Dash has come out a victor are told by Mrs. Harrison with great enjoyment.

Jack, the fox terrier, has a record, but an extremely useful one. He is a ratter and has caught and killed thirty-six rats in thirty minutes. His mission in life is to nose around in the most innocent sort of way and dispatch his victims before they know what struck them. He is regarded as a valuable auxilliary to the domestic working force, although at the same time an object intense detestation to the White House gardeners. If he is watching the coming of the enemy the fact that he will completely plow up a flower bed does not disturb him in the least.

The latest accession to the kennel is a St. Bernard puppy, about two months old now and growing in keeping with his imposing family pedigree. His name is Rab, and he belongs to Mrs. Russell Harrison, who intends to take him to her home in Nebraska shortly.

The White House dogs in the Cleveland administration were a notable pair, the big mastiff Kay and Hector, who managed to make himself acquainted with a good deal of ground, despite the hindrances thrown in his way by Mrs. Cleveland.

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THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"It brings in the very desirable dollars," said Dick, his hands in his pockets.

Torpenhow watched him with large contempt. "Why, I thought it was a man," said he. "It's a child."

"No, it isn't," said Dick, wheeling quickly. "You've no notion what the certainty of cash means to a man who has always wanted it badly. Nothing will pay me for some of my life's joys; and that Chinese pig boat, for instance, when we ate bread and jam for every meal, because Ho-Wang wouldn't allow us anything better, and it all tasted of pig—Chinese pig. I've worked for this, I've sweated and I've starved for this, line on line and month after month. And now I've got it I am going to make the most of it while it lasts. Let them pay. They've no knowledge."

"What does your majesty please to want? You can't smoke more than you do; you won't drink; you're a gross feeder; and you dress in the dark, by the look of you. You wouldn't keep a horse the other day when I suggested, because you said it might fall lame, and whenever you cross the street you take a hansom. Even you are not foolish enough to suppose that theatres and all the live things you can buy thereabouts mean life. What earthly need have you for money?"

"It's there, bless its golden heart," said Dick. "It's there all the time. Providence has sent me nuts while I have teeth to crack 'em with. I haven't yet found the nut I wish to crack, but I'm keeping my teeth filed. Perhaps some day you and I will go for a walk round the wide earth."

"With no work to do, nobody to worry us, and nobody to compete with, you would be unfit to speak to in a week. Besides, I shouldn't go. I don't care to profit by the price of a man's soul—for that's what it would mean. Dick, it's no use arguing. You're a fool."

"Don't see it. When I was on that Chinese pig boat, our Captain got enormous credit for saving about twenty-five thousand very sea sick little pigs, when our old tramp of a steamer fell foul of a timber junk. Now, taking those pigs as a parallel——"

"Oh, confound your parallels! Whenever I try to improve your soul, you always drag in some irrelevant anecdote from your very shady past. Pigs aren't the British public. Credit on the high seas isn't credit here and self-respect is self-respect all the world over. Go out for a walk and try to catch some self-respect. And, I say, if the Nilghai comes up this evening can I show him your diggings?"

"Surely. You'll be asking whether you must knock at my door next." And Dick departed, to take counsel with himself in the rapidly gathering London fog.

Half an hour after he had left the Nilghai labored up the staircase. He was the chiefest as he was the hugest of war correspondents, and his experiences dated from the birth of the needle gun. Saving only his ally, Keneu the Great War Eagle, there was no man mightier in the craft than he, and he always opened his conversation with the news that there would be trouble in the Balkans in the spring. Torpenhow laughed as he entered.

"Never mind the trouble in the Balkans. Those little States are always screeching. You've heard about Dick's luck?"

"Yes; he has been called up to notoriety, hasn't he? I hope you keep him properly humble. He wants suppressing from time to time."

"He does. He's beginning to take liberties with what he thinks is his reputation."

"Already! By Jove, he has cheek! I don't know about his reputation, but he'll come a cropper if he tries that sort of thing."

"So I told him. I don't think he believes it."

"They never do when they first start off. What's that wreck on the ground there?"

"Specimen of his latest impertinence." Torpenhow thrust the torn edges of the canvas together and showed the well-groomed picture to the Nilghai, who looked at it for a moment and then whistled.

"It's a chromo," said he, "a chromo-lithi-oleomargarine fake! What possessed him to do it? And yet how thoroughly he has caught the note that catches a public who think with their boots and read with their elbows! The cold-blooded insolence of the work almost saves it; but he mustn't go on with this. Hasn't he been praised and cockered up too much? You know these people here have no sense of proportion. They'll call him a second Detaille and a third-hand Meissonier while his fashion lasts. It's windy diet for a colt."

"I don't think it affects Dick much. You might as well call a young wolf a lion, and expect him to take the compliment in exchange for a shin bone. Dick's soul is in the bunk. He's working for cash."

"Now he has thrown up war work, I suppose he doesn't see that the obligations of the service are just the same, only the proprietors are changed."

"How should he know? He thinks he is his own master."

"Does he? I could underceive him for his good if there's any virtue in print. He wants the whip lash."

"Lay it on with science then. I'd flay him myself, but I like him too much."

"I've no scruples. He had the audacity to try to cut me out with a woman at Cairo once. I forgot that, but I remember now."

"Did he cut you out?"

"You'll see when I have dealt with him; but, after all, what's the good? Leave him alone and he'll come home, if he has any stuff in him, dragging or wagging his tail behind him. There's more in a week of life than in a lively weekly. None the less I'll slate him. I'll slate him ponderously in the *Catechism*."

"Good luck to you! But I fancy nothing short of a crowbar would make Dick wince. His soul seems to have been fired before we came across him. He's intensely suspicious and utterly lawless."

"Matter of temper," said the Nilghai. "It's the same with horses. Some you wollop and they work; some you wollop and they jib, and some you wollop and they go out for a walk with their hands in their pockets."

"That's exactly what Dick has done," said Torpenhow. "Wait till he comes back. In the mean time, you can begin your slating here. I'll show you some of his last and worse work in his studio."

Dick had instinctively sought running water for a comfort to his mood of mind. He was leaning over the embankment wall, watching the rush of the Thames through arches of Westminster Bridge. He began by thinking of Torpenhow's advice, but, as of custom, lost himself in the study of the faces flocking by. Some had death written on their features, and Dick marvelled that they could laugh. Others, clumsy and coarse-built for the most part, were alight with love; others were merely drawn and lined with work; but there was something, Dick knew, to be made out of them all. The poor at least would suffer that he might learn, and the rich should pay for the output of his learning. Thus his credit in the world and his cash balance at the bank would be increased. So much the better for him. He had suffered. Now he would take toll of the ills of others.

The fog was driven apart for a moment, and the sun shone, a blood-red wafer, on the water. Dick watched the spot till he heard the voice of the tide between the piers die down like the wash of the sea at low tide. A girl hard pressed by her lover shouted shamelessly, "Ah, get away, you beast!" and a shift of the same wind that had opened the fog drove across Dick's face the black smoke of a river steamer at her berth below the wall. He was blinded for the moment, then spun round and found himself face to face with—Maisie.

There was no mistaking. The years had turned the child to a woman, but they had not altered the dark gray eyes, the thin scarlet lips, or the firmly modeled mouth and chin; and, that all should be as it was of old, she wore a closely fitting gray dress.

Since the human soul is infinite and not in the least under its own command, Dick, advancing, said "Halloo!" after the manner

Dick found himself face to face with Maisie.

of schoolboys, and Maisie answered, "Oh, Dick, is that you?" Then, against his will, and before the brain, newly released from considerations of the cash balance, had time to dictate to the nerves, every pulse of Dick's body throbbed furiously and his palate dried in his mouth. The fog shut down again, and Maisie's face was pearl-white through it. No word was spoken, but Dick fell into step at her side, and the two paced the Embankment together, keeping the step as perfectly as in their afternoon excursions to the mud-flats. Then Dick, a little hoarsely:

"What has happened to Ammoma?"

"He died, Dick. Not cartridges; overeating. He was always greedy. Isn't it funny?"

"Yes. No. Do you mean Amomma?"

"Ye—es. No. This. Where have you come from?"

"Over there." Dick pointed eastward through the fog. "And you?"

"Oh, I'm in the north—the black north, across all the Park. I am very busy."

"What do you do?"

"I paint! That's all I have to do."

"Why, what's happened? You had three hundred a year."

"I have that still. I am painting; that's all."

"Are you alone, then?"

"There's a girl living with me. Don't walk so fast, Dick; you're out of step."

"Then you noticed it, too?"

"Of course. You're always out of step."

"So I am. I'm sorry. You went on with the painting?"

"Of course. I said I should. I was at the Slade, then at Mertoe's in St. John's Wood, the big studio, then I pepper-potted—I mean I went to the National—and now I'm working under Kami."

"But Kami is in Paris, surely?"

"No, he has his teaching studio at Vitry-sur-Marne. I work with him in the summer, and I live in London in the winter. I'm a householder."

"Do you sell much?"

"Now and again, but not often. There is my 'bus. I must take it or lose half an hour. Good-by, Dick."

"Good-by, Maisie. Won't you tell me where you live? I must see you again; and perhaps I could help you. I paint a little myself!"

"I may be in the park to-morrow, if there is no working light. I walk from the Marble Arch down and back again; that is my little excursion. But of course I shall see you again." She stepped into the omnibus and was swallowed up by the fog.

"Well—I—am—damned!" said Dick, and returned to the chambers.

Torpenhow and the Nilghai found him sitting on the steps to the studio door, repeating the phrase with awful gravity.

"You'll be more damned when I've done with you," said the Nilghai, upheaving his bulk from behind Torpenhow's shoulder and waving a sheaf of half-dry manuscript. "Dick, it is of common report that you are suffering from swelled head."

"Halloo, Nilghai. Back again? How are the Balkans and all the little Balkans? One side of your face is out of drawing, as usual."

"Never mind that. I am commissioned to smite you in print. Torpenhow refuses from false delicacy. I've been overhauling the pot-boilers in your studio. They are simply disgraceful."

"Oho! that's it, is it? If you think you can slate me you're wrong. You can only describe, and you need as much room to turn in, on paper, as a P. & O. cargo-boat. But continue and be swift. I'm going to bed."

"H'm! h'm! h'm! The first part only deals with your pictures. Here's the peroration; 'For work done without conviction, for power wasted on trivialities, for labor expended with levity for the deliberate purpose of winning the easy applause of a fashion-driven public——'"

"That's 'His Last Shot,' second edition. Go on."

"'Public. There remains but one end—the oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenotaphed with contempt. From that fate Mr. Heldar has yet to prove himself out of danger.'"

"Wow—wow—wow—wow—wow!" said Dick, profanely. "It's a clumsy ending and vile journalese, but it's quite true. And yet,"—he sprang to his feet and snatched at the manuscript—"you scarred, deboshed, battered old gladiator! You're sent out when a war begins to minister to the blind brutal British public's bestial thirst for blood. They have no arenas now, but they must have special correspondents. You're a fat gladiator who comes up through a trap-door and talks of what he's seen. You stand on precisely the same level as an energetic bishop, an affable actress, a devastating cyclone, or—mine own sweet self. And you presume to lecture me about my work! Nilghai, if it were worth while I'd caricature you in four papers!"

The Nilghai winced. He had not thought of this.

"As it is, I should take this stuff and tear it small—so!" The manuscript fluttered in slips down the dark well of the staircase. "Go home, Nilghai," said Dick, "go home to your lonely little bed, and leave me in peace. I am about to turn in till to-morrow."

"Why, it isn't seven yet!" said Torpenhow, with amazement.

"It shall be two in the morning, if I choose," said Dick, backing to the studio door. "I go to grapple with a serious crisis, and I shan't want any dinner."

The door shut and was locked.

"What can you do with a man like that!" said the Nilghai.

"Leave him alone. He's as mad as a hatter."

At 11 there was kicking on the studio door. "Is the Nilghai with you still?" said a voice from within. "Then tell him he might have condensed the whole of his lumbering nonsense into an epigram: 'Only the free are bond, and only the bond are free.' Tell him he's an idiot, Torp, and tell him I'm another."

"All right. Come out and have supper. You're smoking on an empty stomach."

There was no answer.

CHAPTER V.

"I have a thousand men," said he,
"To wait upon my will,
And towers nine upon the Tyne,
And three upon the Till."
"And what care I for your men," said she,
"Or towers from Tyne to Till,
Sith you must go with me," she said,
"To wait upon my will?"
—Sir Hoggie and the Fairies.

Next morning Torpenhow found Dick sunk in deepest repose of tobacco.

"Well, madman, how d'you feel?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to find out."

"You had much better do some work."

"Maybe; but I'm in no hurry. I've made a discovery. Torp, there's too much Ego in my Cosmos."

"Not really! Is this revelation due to my lectures or the Nilghai's?"

"It came to me suddenly, all on my own account. Much too much, Ego; and now I'm going to work."

He turned over a few half-finished sketches, drummed on a new canvas, cleaned three brushes, set Binkie to bite the toes of a lay figure, rattled through his collection of arms and accoutrements, and then went out, declaring that he had done enough for the day.

"This is positively indecent," said Torpenhow, "and the first time that Dick has ever broken up a light morning. Perhaps he has found out he has a soul, or an artistic temperament, or something equally valuable. That comes of leaving him alone for a month. Perhaps he has been going out of evenings. I must look to this." He rang for the bald-headed old housekeeper whom nothing could astonish or annoy.

"Beeton, did Mr. Heldar dine out at all while I was out of town?"

"Never laid 'is dress clothes out once, sir, all the time. Mostly 'e dined in; but 'e brought some most remarkable fancy young gentlemen up 'ere after theatres once or twice. Remarkable fancy they was. You gentleman on the top floor does very much as you likes, but it did seem to me, sir, droppin' a walkin' stick down five flights of stairs an' then goin' down four abreast to pick it up again at half past 2 in the morning, singing, 'Bring back the whisky, Willie darling'—not once or twice, but scores o' times—isn't charity to the other tenants. What I say is, 'Do as you would be done by.' That's my motto."

"Of course! of course! I'm afraid the top floor isn't the quietest in the house."

"I make no complaints, sir. I have spoke to Mr. Heldar, friendly, an' he laughed an' did me a picture of the missis that is as good as a colored print. It 'asn't the 'igh shine of a photograph, but what I say is: 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth.' Mr. Heldar's dress clothes 'aven't been on him for weeks."

"Then it's all right," said Torpenhow to himself. "Orgarics are healthy, and Dick has a head of his own, but when it comes to women making eyes, I'm not so certain. Binkie, never you be a man little dorglums. They're contrary brutes, and do things without reason."

Dick had turned northward across the Park, but he was walking in the spirit on the mud flats with Maisie. He laughed aloud as he remembered the day when he had decked Amomma's horns with the ham frills, and Maisie, white with rage, had cuffed him. How long those four years had been, and how intimately Maisie was connected with every hour of them! Storm across the sea, and Maisie in a gray dress on the beach, sweeping her drenched hair out of her eyes and laughing at the homeward race of the fishing smacks; hot sunshine on the mud flats, and Maisie sniffing scornfully with her chin in the air; Maisie flying before the wind that threshed the foreshore and drove the sand like small shot about her ears; Maisie, very composed and independent, telling lies to Mrs. Jennet while Dick supported her with coarser perjuries; Maisie picking her way delicately from stone to stone, a pistol in her hand and her teeth firm set, and Maisie in a gay dress sitting on the grass between the mouth of a cannon and a nodding sea-poppy. The pictures passed before him one by one, and the last stayed the longest. Dick was perfectly happy with a quiet peace that was as new to his mind as it was foreign to his experience. It never occurred to him that there might be other calls upon his time than loafing across the Park in the forenoon.

"There's a good working light now," he said, watching his shadow placidly. "Some poor devil ought to be grateful. And there's Maisie."

She was walking toward him from the Marble Arch, and he saw that no mannerism of gait had been changed. It was good to find her still Maisie, and, so to speak, his next door neighbor. No greeting passed between them, because there had been none in the old days.

"What are you doing out of your studio at this hour?" said Dick, as one who was entitled to ask.

"Lilling. Just Lillian. I got angry with a chin and scraped it out. Then I left it in a little heap of paint chips and came away."

"I know what palette-knifing means. What was the piece?"

"A fancy head that wouldn't come right—horrid thing!"

"I don't like working over scraped paint when I'm doing flesh. The grain comes up woolly as the paint dries."

"No? if you scrape properly." Maisie waved her hand to illustrate her methods. There was a dab of paint on the white cuff. Dick laughed.

"You're as untidy as ever."

"That comes well from you. Look at your own cuff."

"By Jove, yes. It's worse than yours. I don't think we've much altered in anything. Let's see, though." He looked at Maisie critically. The pale blue haze of an autumn day crept between the tree trunks of the Park and made a background for the gray dress, the black velvet toque above the black hair, and the resolute profile.

"No, there's nothing changed. How good it is! D'you remember when I fastened your hair into a handbag?"

Maisie nodded, with a twinkle in her eyes, and turned her full face to Dick.

"Wait a minute," said he. "That mouth is down at the corners a little. Who's been worrying you, Maisie?"

"No one but myself. I never seem to get on with my work, and yet I try hard enough, and Kami says——"

"'*Continuez, mesdemoiselles. Continuez toujours, mes enfants.*' Kami is depressing. I beg your pardon."

"Yes, that's what he says. He told me last summer that I was doing better, and he'd let me exhibit this year."

"Not in this place, surely?"

"Of course not. The Salon."

"You fly high."

"I've been beating my wings long enough. Where do you exhibit, Dick?"

"I don't exhibit. I sell."

"What is your line, then?"

"Haven't you heard?" Dick's eyes opened. Was this thing possible? He cast about for some means of conviction. They were not far from the Marble Arch. "Come up Oxford street a little and I'll show you."

A small knot of people stood round a print shop that Dick knew well. "Some reproduction of my work inside," he said, with suppressed triumph. Never had success tasted so sweet upon the tongue. "You see the sort of things I paint. D'you like it?"

Maisie looked at the wild whirling rush of a field battery going into action under fire. Two artilleryman stood behind her in the crowd.

"They've chucked off lead 'orse," said one to the other. "E's tore up awful, but they're making good time with others. That lead driver drives better nor you, Tom. See 'ow, cunning 'e's nursin' 'is orse."

"Number Three'll be off the limber, next lolt," was the answer.

"No, 'e won't. See 'ow 'is foot's braced against the iron! E's all right."

Dick watched Maisie's face and swelled with joy—fine, rank, vulgar triumph. She was more interested in the little crowd than in the picture. That was something that she could understand.

"And I wanted it so! Oh, I did want it so!" she said at last, under her breath.

"Me—all me!" said Dick, placidly. "Look at their faces. It hits 'em. They don't know what makes their eyes and mouths open; but I know. And I know my work's right."

"Yes. I see. Oh, what a thing to have come to one!"

"Come to one, indeed! I had to go out and look for it. What do you think?"

"I call it success. Tell me how you got it."

They returned to the Park, and Dick delivered himself of the Saga of his own doings, with all the arrogance of a young man speaking to a woman. From the beginning he told the tale, the I—I—I's flashing through the records as telegraph poles fly past the traveller. Maisie listened and nodded her head. The histories of strife and privation did not move her a hair's breadth. At the end of each canto he would conclude, 'And that gave me some notion of handling color," or light, or whatever it might be that he had set out to pursue and understand. He led her breathless across half the world, speaking as he had never spoken in his life before. And in the flood tide of his exaltation there came upon him a great desire to pick up this maiden who nodded her head and said, "I understand. Go on,"—to pick her up and carry her away with him, because she was Maisie, and because she understood, and because she was his right, and a woman to be desired above all women.

Then he checked himself abruptly. "And so I took all I wanted," he said, "and I had to fight for it. Now you tell."

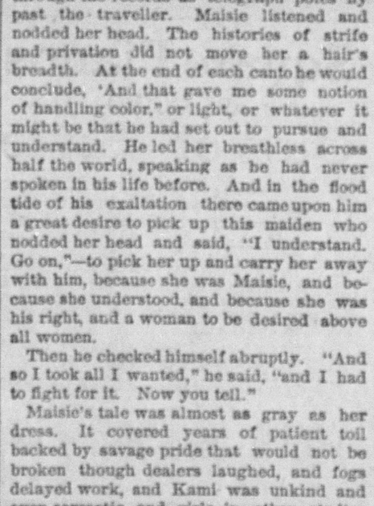
Maisie's tale was almost as gray as her dress. It covered years of patient toil backed by savage pride that would not be broken though dealers laughed, and fogs delayed work, and Kami was unkind and even sarcastic, and girls in other studios were painfully polite. It had a few bright spots—pictures accepted at provincial exhibitions—but it wound up with oft-repeated wail. "And so you see, Dick, I had no success, though I worked so hard."

Then pity filled Dick. Even thus had Maisie spoken when she could not hit the breakwater, half an hour before she had kissed him. And that had happened yesterday.

"Never mind," said he. "I'll tell you something if you'll believe it." The words were shaping themselves of their own accord. "The whole thing, lock, stock, and barrel, isn't worth one big yellow sea poppy below Fort Keeling."

Maisie flushed a little. "It's all very well for you to talk, but you've had the success and I haven't."

"Let me talk, then. I know you'll understand. Maisie, dear, it sounds a bit absurd, but those ten years never existed, and I've come back again. It really is just the same



Maisie poked the gravel with her parasol.

Can't you see? You're alone now and I'm alone. What's the use of worrying? Come to me instead, darling."

Maisie poked the gravel with her parasol. They were sitting on a bench. "I understand," she said, slowly. "But I've got my work to do and I must do it."

"Do it with me, then, dear. I w rupt."

"No, I couldn't. It's my work—mine—mine—mine! I've been alone all my life in myself, and I'm not going to belong to anybody except myself. I remember things as well as you do, but that doesn't count. We were babies then, and we didn't know what was before us. Dick, don't be selfish. I think I see my way to a little success next year. Don't take it away from me."

"I beg your pardon, darling. It is my fault for speaking idiotically. I can't expect you to throw up all your life just because I'm back. I'll go to my own place and wait a little."

"But Dick, I don't want you to—go—out of—my life, now that you've just come back."

"I'm at your orders. Forgive me." Dick devoured the troubled little face with his eyes. There was triumph in them, because he could not conceive how Maisie could refuse sooner or later to love him, since he loved her.

"It's wrong of me," said Maisie, more slowly than before, "it's wrong and selfish; but—oh, I've been so lonely! No, you misunderstand. Now I've see you again—it's absurd, but I want to keep you in my life."

"Naturally. We belong."

"We don't; but you always understood me, and there is so much in my work that you could help me in. You know things, and the ways of doing things. You must."

"I do, I fancy, or else I don't know myself. Then I suppose you won't care to lose sight of me altogether, and you want me to help you in your work?"

"Yes; but remember, Dick, nothing will ever come of it. That's why I feel so selfish. Let things stay as they are. I do want your help."

"You shall have it. But let's consider. I must see your pics first, and overhaul your sketches, and find out about your tendencies. You should see what the papers say about my tendencies. Then I'll give you good advice, and you shall paint according. Isn't that it, Maisie?"

Again there was unholy triumph in Dick's eyes.

"It's too good of you—much too good. Because you are consoling yourself with what will never happen, and I know that, and yet I wish to keep you. Don't blame me later, please."

"I'm going into the matter with my eyes open. Moreover, the queen can do no wrong. It isn't your selfishness that impresses me. It's your audacity in proposing to make use of me."

"Pooh! You're only Dick—and a print shop."

"Very [illegible] all I am. But, Maisie, you believe, don't you, that I love you? I don't want you to have any false notions about brothers and sisters."

Maisie looked up for a moment and dropped her eyes.

"It's absurd, but—I believe. I wish I could send you away before you get angry with me. But the girl that lives with me is red-haired and an impressionist, and all our notions clash."

"So do ours, I think. Never mind. Three months from to-day we shall be laughing at this together."

Maisie shook her head mournfully. "I knew you wouldn't understand, and it will only hurt you more when you find out. Look at my face, Dick, and tell me what you see."

They stood up and faced each other for a moment. The fog was gathering, and it stifled the roar of the traffic of London beyond the railings. Dick brought all his painfully acquired knowledge of faces to bear on the eyes, mouth, and chin underneath the black toque.

"It's the same Maisie, and it's the same me," he said. "We've both nice little wills of our own, and one or the other of us has to be broken. Now about the future. I must come and see your pictures some day—I suppose when the red-haired girl is on the premises."

"Sundays are my best times. You must come on Sundays. There are such heaps of things I want to talk about and ask your advice about. Now I must get back to work."

"Try to find out before next Sunday what I am," said Dick. "Don't take my word for anything I've told you. Good-by, darling, and bless you."

Maisie stole away like a little gray mouse. Dick watched her till she was out of sight, but he did not hear her say to herself very soberly: "I'm a wretch—a horrid, selfish wretch. But it's Dick, and Dick will understand."

No one has yet explained what actually happens when an irresistible force meets the immovable post, though many have thought deeply, even as Dick thought. He tried to assure himself that Maisie would be led in a few weeks by his mere presence and discourse to a better way of thinking. Then he remembered much too distinctly her face and all that was written on it.

"If I know anything of heads," he said, "there's everything in that face but love. I shall have to put that in myself; and that chin and mouth won't be won for nothing. But she's right. She knows what she wants, and she's going to get it. What insolence! Me! Of all the people in the wide world, to use me! But then she's Maisie. There's no getting over that fact; and it's good to see her again. This business must have been simmering at the back of my head for years. * * * She'll use me as I used Binat at Port Said. She's quite right. It will hurt a little. I shall have to see her every Sunday—like a young man courting a housemaid. She's sure to come round: and yet—that mouth isn't a yielding mouth. I shall be wanting to kiss her all the time, and I shall have to look at her pictures—I don't even know what sort of work she does yet—and I shall have to talk about art—woman's art! Therefore, particularly and perpetually, damn all varieties of art. It did me a good turn once, and now it's in my way. I'll go home and do some art."

Half way to the studio, Dick was smitten with a terrible thought. The figure of a solitary woman in the fog suggested it.

"She's all alone in London with a red-haired impressionist girl, who probably has the digestion of an ostrich. Most red-haired people have. Maisie's a bilious little body. They'll eat like lone women—meals at all hours, and tea with all meals. I remember how the students in Paris used to pig along. She may fall ill at any minute, and I shan't be able to help. Whew! this is ten times worse than owning a wife."

Torpenhow came into the studio at dusk, and looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and, since it allows, and even encourages, strife, recrimination and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct.

Dick was silent after he handed Torpenhow the filled pipe of council. He thought of Maisie and her possible needs. It was a new thing to think of anybody but Torpenhow, who could think for himself. Here at last was an outlet for that cash balance. He could adorn Maisie barbarically with jewelry—a thick gold necklace around that little neck, bracelets upon the rounded arms, and rings of price upon her hands—the cool, temperate, ringless hands that he had taken between his own. It was an absurd thought, for Maisie would not even allow him to put one ring on one finger, and she would laugh at golden trappings. It would be better to sit with her quietly in the dusk, his arm round her neck and her face on his shoulder, as befitted husband and wife. Torpenhow's boots creaked that night and his strong voice jarred. Dick's brows contracted and he murmured an evil word because he had taken all his success as a right and a part payment for past discomfort, and now he was checked in his stride by a woman who admitted all the success and did not instantly care for him.

"I say old man," said Torpenhow who had made one or two vain attempts at conversation. "I haven't put your back up by anything I've said lately, have I?"

"You! No. How could you?"

"Liver out of order?"

"The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a liver. I'm only a bit worried about things in general. I suppose it's my soul."

"The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a soul. What business have you with luxuries of that kind?"

"It came of itself. Who's the man who says that we're all islands shouting lies to each other across the seas of misunderstanding?"

"He's right, whoever he is—except about the misunderstanding. I don't think we could misunderstand each other."

The blue smoke curled back from the ceiling in clouds. Then Torpenhow, insinuatingly:

"Dick, is it a woman?"

"Be hanged if it's anything remotely resembling a woman; and if you begin to talk like that I'll hire a red-brick studio with white paint trimmings, and begonias and petunias and blue Hungarias to play among three-and-sixpenny pot palms, and I'll mount all my pics in aniline dye plush plasters, and I'll invite every woman who yelps and maunders and moans over what her guide books tell her is Art, and you shall receive 'em, Torp—in a snuff-brown velvet coat with yellow trousers and an orange tie. You'll like that."

"Too thin, Dick. It's no business of mine, but its comforting to think that somewhere under the stars there's saving up for you a tremendous thrashing. Whether it'll come from heaven or earth, I don't know, but it's bound to come and break you up a little. You want hammering."

Dick shivered. "All right" said he. "When this island is disintegrated it will call for you."

"I shall come round the corner and help to disintegrate it some more. We're talking nonsense. Come along to a theatre."

CHAPTER VI.

"And you may lead a thousand men
Nor ever draw the rein:
But ere ye lead the Faery Queen
'Twill burst your heart in twain."

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup bar,
The bridle from his hand,
And he is bound by hand and foot
To the Queen o' Faeryland.
—Sir Hoggie and the Fairies.

Some weeks later, on a very foggy Sunday, Dick was returning across the Park to his studio. "This," he said, "is evidently the thrashing that Torp meant. It hurts more than I expected; but the queen can do no wrong, and she certainly has some notion of drawing."

He had just finished a Sunday visit to Maisie—always under the same green eyes of the red-haired impressionist girl whom he learned to hate at sight—and was tingling with a keen sense of shame. Sunday after Sunday, putting on his best clothes, he had walked over to the untidy house north of the Park, first to see Maisie's pictures, and then to criticise and advise upon them as he realized that they were productions on which advice would not be wasted. Sunday after Sunday, and his love grew with each visit, he had been compelled to cram his heart back from between his lips when it prompted him to kiss Maisie several times and very much indeed. Sunday after Sunday, the head above the heart had warned him that Maisie was not yet attainable, and that it would be better to talk as connectedly as possible upon the mysteries of the craft that was all and all to her. Therefore it was his fate to endure weekly torture in the studio built out over the clammy back garden of a frail, stuffy little villa where nothing was ever in its right place and nobody ever called—to endure and to watch Maisie moving to and fro with the teacups. He abhorred tea, but since it gave him a little longer time in her presence he drank it devoutly, and the red-haired girl sat in an untidy heap and eyed him without speaking. She was always watching him. Once, and only once, when she had left the studio, Maisie showed him an album that held a few poor cuttings from provincial papers—the briefest of hurried notes on some of her pictures sent to outlying exhibitions. Dick stooped and kissed the paint-smudged thumb on the open page. "Oh, my love, my love," he muttered, "do you value these things? Chuck 'em into the waste-paper basket!"

"Not till I get something better," said Maisie, shutting the book.

Then Dick, moved by no respect for his public and a very deep regard for the maiden, did deliberately propose in order to secure more of these coveted cuttings, that he should paint a picture which Maisie should sign.

"That's childish," said Maisie, "and I didn't think it of you. It must be my work. Mine—mine—mine!"

"Go and design decorative medallions for rich brewers' houses. You are thoroughly good at that." Dick was sick and savage.

"Better things than medallions, Dick," was the answer, in tones that recalled a gray-eyed atom's fearless speech to Mrs. Jennett. Dick would have abased himself utterly, but that the other girl trailed in.

Next Sunday he laid at Maisie's feet small gifts of pencils that could almost draw of themselves and colors in whose permanence he believed, and he was ostentatiously attentive to the work in hand. It demanded, among other things, an exposition of the faith that was in him. Torpenhow's hair would have stood on end had he heard the fluency with which Dick preached his own gospel of art.

A month before, Dick would have been equally astonished, but it was Maisie's will and pleasure, and he dragged his words together to make plain to her comprehension all that had been hidden to himself of the ways and wherefores of work. There is not the least difficulty in doing a thing if you only know how to do it; the trouble is your method.

A Discouraging Witness.

From the St. Louis Chronicle.

A prominent St. Louis attorney insisted on subpœnaing a certain witness for the sake of proving the previous good character of his client. The prisoner himself was rather doubtful of the outcome of the cross-examination and said so.

The accused evidently knew the witness better than his lawyer.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Diden't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent $3 for coal in the last five years."

"Did he ever come into collision with you in any shape or manner?"

"Only once in a while when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp bost."

"From what you know of him would you believe him on oath?"

"That depends. If he was so much intoxicated that he diden't know what he was doing, I would. If not, I wouldent't.'

"May it please your Honor, the witness is excused.

Silence,

Few persons are aware of the power of silence. Unfortunately the majority of human individuals indulge in a superfluity of words. The "unruly member" has been the cause of the largest part of all the sorrows and quarrels, and the wars that have afflicted and cursed, humanity. And yet, with all its powers for good or evil, it has not half the eloquence of silence. There is the silence of contempt that withers with magnetic scorn its unfortunate object. There is the silence of despair that is eloquent of sorrow unutterable. There is the silence of joy when the countenance, all aglow with beautifying emotion, needs not the interpretation of speech. There is the silence of disappointment when the relaxed frame, downcast eves, the mournful visage, tell their tale without words. There is the silence of the deep joy of love, of which arbitrary words fail to give expression, and of which eye-beams, and hand-clasps, and caresses are the true language. In such "eloquence" Adam welcomed his Eve to the joys and beauties of Paradise, before there were any dressmakers or milliners to mar his happiness.—Texas *Siftings*.

—THE SCHOOL REVIEW, a charming magazine for boys and girls, is out this month in new dress of type and is handsomer in appearrnce than ever before. This magazine is especially interesting to boys and girls on account of the prize contests that are made a feature each month. The September issue contains, a side from the opening chapter of a delightful serial, the Princess Toto and and other stories, biographies and general reading matter, the prospectus for free shorthand lessons to begin next month and several generous prize offers. THE SCHOOL REVIEW is used as supplementary reading in the School of Pittsburg and Allegheney and fifty or sixty others as well, and is of interests to principals and teachers as well as the little folks Subscription price 75 cents a year: sample copy free. Published by the Review Publishing Co., Limited, 53 and 55 Virgin Alley, Pittsburg, Pa.

The "Northern Light"

The aurora borealis is a singularly beautiful phenomenon beheld in this zone during the fall evenings. Last night the display was of peerless beauty and spread over very nearly half the ciscum polar region. In this clime the aurora is given the name of "Northern Lights," the southern display being invisible to us. The location of this phenomenon is undoubtably in the land of the midnight sun. As to the cause, there is much dispute. It may be classed as an optical or luminous phenomenon, or as electrical phenomenon. Shrouded in mystery is the origin of these trembling streams of light. Suffice it to say that even in these latitudes the display is wondrously beautiful.

Dedication Services.

The handsome new Persbyterian church at Centre Hall will be dédicated on September 27th, a little more than two weeks from this time. Eminent ministers from abroad will be in attendance. Rev. D. K. Freeman, D, D. , of Huntingdon, Pa , will deliver the dedicatory sermon on Sunday morning. Services leading up to the occasion will be commenced on Wednesday evening the 23rd, and continued every night until the Sabbath. The aim will be to make a series of evangelistic sermons, in which it is earnestly hoped all will be benefited. The Presbyterian congregation are to be congratulated at the results already achieved.

Hamilton's Sentence.

W. B. Hamilton, the embezzling cashier of the Houtzdale bank, whose trial came up at the Clearfield court yesterday and resulted in his conviction, was this morning sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of $1,500. This unfortunate turn in young Hamilton's life is to be very much regretted. He had good opportuuities and bright prospects for an honorable and successful life, but the spirit of speculation that gets hold of so very many in these days and leads to the use of other people's money has brought disaster and dishonor him and he must suffer punishment in consequence.

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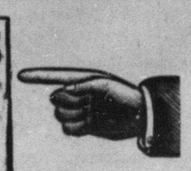

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A QUEER OUTFIT

LOWELL, Mass., September 10.—The police last evening arrested a peddler, whose name appears to be G. Levick, for an assault on a woman near the fair grounds. His satchels contained material which show the arrest to be an important one. There was a letter from Rufus Ford, a Boston lawyer, referring to negotiations with Levi S. Gould in his office, in regard to an exchange of a "dead dog for a defunct cat;" also referring to the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company. This is believed to be a cover for peculiar business. In one satchel were seventeen $1,000 gold-bearing bonds of the Canada, Michigan & Chicago railroad, made to the National Trust company of New York. The bonds were pronounced genuine by Judge Hadley and the cashier of the First National bank, but investigation found no such corporation as those named. Levick says the bonds are worthless, but he has been selling them. A loaded and an unloaded revolver were found in his satchel and the 'Life of Christ,' religious pictures, etc. Levick says he has studied law and medicine, and used to be a member of the Philadelphia fire department. He is middle aged and bald, and was dressed in coarse clothes.

Missionaries Killed in China.

WASHINGTON. September 10.—The department of state has received a telegraphic dispatch from the minister at Perkin, reporting that a riot has occurred at Ichang on the Yang-sty-Kiang river, in the province of Hoo Pe, and that an establishment of American missionaries there had been destroyed. No further particulars are given, The gravity of the situation in China increases daily and the navy department is lending its aid to protect America interests. The Charleston and the Petrel are under orders to proceed immediately to China to strengthen Admiral Belknap's fleets, but they can hardly reach their destination inside of two months.

Half Rates to Scranton via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on the occasion of the meeting of the Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs at Scranton, September, 23d to 25th, excursion tickets will be sold at all stations on its system to Scranton at a *single fare* for the *round trip*. The tickets will be sold September 21st, 22d, and 23d, valid for the going trip on any of those days and to return until September 28th inclusive.

—Overcoats have been taken out of their summer resting place and are now being worn by the happy possessors.

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BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully, WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint*.

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours, MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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Brother come out and let me be inside. Will my face and hands be red, too?

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY!

Who has heard of that popular old reliable story paper, Street and Smith's *New York Weekly*? For over thirty years it has been before the public, and during that time has always ranked as it does to-day first and best among the many story and sketch papers. It is not hard to tell the reason why. The best authors are engaged to write for it and the publishers spare no expense in procuring their masterpieces. Messrs Street and Smith, also issue some of the most popular copyright American novels in book form, and this year as a special inducement to the public they make the following

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RAILROADS

EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME at Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	WESTWARD A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		8 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	8 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	8 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	8 56	9 34	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	8 59	37	4 40
Howard	14.5	9 07	9 48	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	9 14	9 56	4 55
Curtin	19.9	9 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	9 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	24.2	9 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	9 45	10 35	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	9 48	10 38	5 33
Unionville	28.5	9 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	9 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	9 13	11 09	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	9 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	9 28	11 26	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	9 30	11 29	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	9 33	11 32	6 19
Bald Eagle	49.3	9 40	11 38	6 24
Vail	51.2	9 44	11 43	6 28
East Tyrone	53.0	9 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	9 55	11 56	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	8 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	3 24	7 33
Dix—f	8.9	8 30	3 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 05
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 18	8 55
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 59
BELLEFONTE	32.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 47	9
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 04	4 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 30	5 10	
Beech Creek	45.9	10 35	5 14	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 52	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M A.M				
5 05 10 31	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25 10 21 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37 10 28 8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44 10 34 10.6	Rostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50 10 45 12.3	Marengo f	13.0	8 48	4 01
5 57 10 52 13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 58
6 04 10 55 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 42
6 08 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 28 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 19	3 36
6 40 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 59	3 1
6 50 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 5.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.

To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward			Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.	
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	8.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	8.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5.35
5.4	6.39	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.26
6.8	6.55	2.49	Vicksburg f		8.53	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.45
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD. No.6	No.2	Dir.	STATIONS	Dis.	WESTWARD No.3	No.5
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 20	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 09
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 [illegible]
5 59	8 51		Linns		6 19	3 28
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Fillmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Starmstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

			WESTWARD
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia daily		11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
"	"	Williamsport "	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore "	7 33 a m
"	"	Lock Haven "	7 47 a m
"	"	Renovo "	8 50 a m
"	arrives Erie		3 40 p m
NIAGRA EXP. leaves	Phil's week days		8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg "	12 15 p m
"	arrives at	Williamsport "	5 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven "	5 16 p m
"	"	Renovo "	6 15 p m
"	"	Kane "	9 15 p m

Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte

FAST LINE leaves	Philada. week days		11 45 a m
"	"	Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	"	8 02 p m
"	"	Renovo "	09 p m
NEWS EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		0 [illegible] m
"	"	Harrisburg	7.8 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven		12 15 p m
WMSPORT EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		4 5[illegible] m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 0 p m
"	arrive	Williamsport	11 p m

EASTWARD:

Sea Shore EXP. leaves	L. Haven w.		7 0 m
"	"	Jersey Shore	" " m
"	"	Williamsport	10 a m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	11 " m
"	"	Philadelphia	15 p m
DAY EXP. leaves	Kane week days		7 15 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 25 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 50 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 50 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	4 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie daily		2 25 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 25 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	12 55 a m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	3 [illegible] a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo w.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Granger's picnic.

—Quinces are ripening.

—Cider is getting better.

—Sunday was a lovely day.

—A rush of travel this week.

—The peach season will soon be ended.

—This is rather cool weather for picnicing.

—This is the month for the "Harvest Moon."

—The "Mountain King" next Thursday evening.

—Wild turkey and pheasant season will soon be here.

—The farmers are not yet through with their seeding.

—The nut crop is said to be unusually large this year.

—Mr. George R. Meek was twenty-one years old on Sunday.

—The grape crop is large and the fruit of an extra good quality.

—Twenty-nine years ago to-day the battle of South Mountain was fought.

—Three hundred and ten tents are engaged to be occupied at the picnic this week.

—Watch for the chart for "The Mountain King," it will be out early tomorrow morning.

—A large crowd of people went from this place to the granger's picnic at Centre Hall to-day.

—It is neceasary at all times for the farmer to keep a sharp lookout for frauds and skinners.

—The Bellefonte fire companies will go to Lock Haven this evening and to-morrow morning.

—The baggage men at the passenger depot in this place will be kept pretty busy this week.

—The time for cutting corn is here and soon the shocks of fodder and golden ears will be gathered.

—Were it not for the intense fog these mornings there would undoubtedly be an abundance of frost.

—The United Brethren ministers have about all arrived and the first session of conference was held this afternoon.

—With many young men in Bellefonte it is a toss up which it shall be, the granger's picnic or the firemen's convention.

—Buy your tickets for the play to morrow evening and reserve your seats for "The Mountain King" Thursday evening

—The chart is now out for the "Mountain King." Don't forget to reserve your seats early as there is bound to be a rush.

—Fresh pork is now in the market and it won't be long until we hungry mortals can indulge in Buckwheat cakes and sausages.

—Thus far the sportsmen have not been burdened with the squirrels they have shot. It seems the little animal is hard to find.

—On and after to-day you can shoot pheasants, wild turkeys, rabbits, deer, etc. Wonder how many our sportsmen will bring in before evening.?

—Mr. John Swartz, son of Henry Swartz, was so unfortunate as to have both his legs taken off in a railroad accident at Osceola on Sunday night.

—On Monday we added to our list seven new subscribers, and it was a bad day for that kind of business. Verily the people know where to come to get a good paper.

—Excursion tickets will be sold at all stations on the Pennsylvania railroad to Lock Haven from to-morrow, the 15th till the 18th, good to return until September 21st.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Galbraith will shortly occupy the second story of the stone building on the northeast corner of the diamond, above Achenbach's jewelry store.

—Dr. Thomas R. Hayes and wife recently arrived in Bellefonte from their California home and are now at Governor Beavar's incident to their departure for a tour through Europe.

—W. B. Maitland, the boiler maker has most completed the stand pipe and the same will be put up early next week. Then the people in the northern part of town will have an opportunity of finding out what some people know about hydranlics.

—The First Ward Hose Co., of Butler, and the Greensburg Fire Department, in two special coaches and a baggage car, passed through Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon on day express on their way to Lock Haven to attend the State Firemen's Convention in that place.

—Ex-Judge Orvis has been in the eastern part of the state investigating a new slate works that has lately been established at Pine Grove, near Carlisle. We just wonder whether it is a manufactory for democratic slates, if it is the Judge will undoubtedly invest in a Congressional one; if he don't want it himself he can give it to his friends.

COMING IN CROWDS.

A BREEZY LETTER FROM THE GATHERING OF FARMERS.

GRANGE PARK, PA., SEPT. 14. 1891.

The weather this morning is sufficient to raise the hopes of the managers of the Patrons of Husbandry's annual picnic away up above par. As a general thing it has always rained about the time the picnic and exhibition opened up but this year everything gives promise of fair weather for the week and a glorious time withal.

The tenters and exhibitors began to come in on Saturday and everything was bustle and confusion: in fact there is still lots of that here—both bustle and confusion. Yesterday was a lovely day and one in which all present enjoyed to the utmost the privilege of sitting out in the open air, with nothing but a canvass covering twixt them and the sun—lit heavens, and listening to the word of God as expounded by those three able ministers, Revs. Fisher, Baskerville and Eisenburg, all of Centre Hall. Not one of all who were present but that thought it was a rare privilege to have been present.

This morning look where you will you will see crowds on the move, either tenters seeking their tent or exhibitors hunting a location. To the west and north of the grounds is a veritable town of snow white tents, some three hundred in number, and before the day is over all these will bo occupied and probably more shall be erected. Every exhibition tent and building will be filled and the room is not sufficient to meet the demand. The stables will be filled with the choicest of blooded stock from this, Union, Huntingdon and Blair counties. The exhibition of farm implements will be unusualy large while the miscellaneous exhibitions will make up a long list.

The amusements are varied and number less. The refreshment stands are located eveaywhere and there is not the least fear of there being a famine. All of to-day will be taken up in making ready and tomorrow morning when the word "Go" is given everything will move with clock-like precision. It is to be hoped that the fine weather of to-day is only a sample of every day this week and that this annual exhibition and picnic will prove a success beyond the most sanguine expectations and hopes of the managers.

DUPLEX.

A Disastrous Wreck.

DENVER, September 13.—A passenger train bound toward Denver on the Graymont division of the Union Pacifice railway was wrecked this morning, near Beaver Brook station and twenty-three passengers were injured, five of whom will probably die. The train was late and running very rapidly. When rounding a curve, the express car left the track and rolled down a fifteen foot embankment. It was followed by the mail and two passenger coaches, one of which turned over twice before reaching the bottom. The train was filled with passengers, many of them Knights of Pyshias, who were returning from the Knights of Pyshias state convention at Aspen. A wrecking train was ordered out and was starting when Robert Pruen, an employ of the road, attemped to board the engine. In doing so his revolver fell from his hip pocket, the hammer striking a stone and the weapon was discharged, the ball taking effect in the man's neck, making a wound which will result fatally.

The Mountain King.

"The Mountain King" is now one of the most taking plays on the road. The company has its own car, carry their own scenery, have four trick horses and, in brief are not surpassed in excellence. It will be in Bellefonte next Thursday evening. Read what the N. Y. *Times* says o the play:

"Mr. James H. Wallick and his trained horses were received as old friends by a packed house at the Third Avenue Theatre last night, and the exciting episodes of the equestrian melodrama. "The Mountain King," were lustily cheered. Mr. Wallick is always popular in this city and his horses show the result of skillfu training, There is just enough powder and smoke throughout the racy course of the play to satisfy the lovers of blood and thunder, while its equine features give an effective realism to the events

Stabbed Eleven Times.

PITTSBURGH, September 13.—A brutal stabbing affray occured on Mount Washington, this city, about 1,30 o'clock this morning that will result in the death of George Wagner, a glass worker, living in Knoxville. In an altercation with a man named John Harsha, formerly of Cleveland, Wagner was stabbed eleven times in various parts of the body and once through the left lung. Dr. O'Connor says he cannot recover.

The probable murderer, on seeing the terrible result of his passion, fled and is still at large. The description of him furnished the police is as follows: Large, heavy set slouching gait and generally rough appearance; dark complexioned; brown hair and mustache, age 23, height 5 feet and 10½ inches, wears a dark coat and vest and brown-striped trousers, weight about 200 pounds.

Hazleton Wants It.

Hazleton wants the next State Firemen's convention and she thinks she is entitled to it. An elaborate committee has been appointed to present the petition at the convention this week and to fully set forth the advantages of Hazleton as the next place of meeting. Hazleton wanted the convention this year but Lock Haven was chosen and now she thinks she is justly entitled to the convention for 1892. There is no doubt but that Hazleton would be a nice place to go to and it will more than likely be the choise of the convention.

A Gentleman Who Knew His Father.

Some years ago an engineer was wanted to conduct a branch railroad in the central part of Georgia, and an Iowa man, skilled in the profession of engineering, was engaged. While traveling along the proposed line he called at a modest-looking cabin and knocked. In response to the rap a colored woman came to the door, and the engineer asked for a drink of water. She immediately brought him a calabash, but noticing that the gentleman was evidently a stranger, inquired;

"Is you f'om the nowht sah?"

The engineer replied in the affirmative, and she asked; "Wha' state is you f'om, sah?"

"I am from Iowa," he said with much politeness.

Surveying him with a glance of mingled admiration and agreeable surprise, she questioned:

"You really is f'om Iowa?"

"Yes," said the engineer.

"Does you know Col. Linehouse, of the —Iowa regiment?" she queried.

"No," responded the engineer; "but I know Col. Lightenhouse, who commanded that regiment."

"Yes, dat's his name—Col. Lightenhouse. Well, how's he doin'?"

"He is doing very well, indeed, is in good health and looks well."

"Is that so, an' you knows him?"

With this exclamation of joyful surprise she dropped the calabash, and, turning about, shouted to a youngster:

"George Washington Lightenhouse, George Washington Lightenhouse, come heah! Come right away! Heah's a gemmen f'om Iowa dat knows your fadder.'

Weight of Gold and Paper Money.

"Not long ago I was overstocked with gold and had to cash a rather large check with it, much to the holder's chagrin," said a bank cashier. "While he was grumbling about the weight, he said he would rather have the amount in dollar bills, because they wouldn't weigh one-tenth what the same amount in $20 gold pieces would. I good-humoredly challenged his assertion whereupon he retorted that the gold would weight twenty rather than ten times as much as the paper. Later on I was curious to assertain whether it would really take anything like 400 or even 200 greenbacks to outweigh a $20 gold piece, and I was surprised to find that fifty "ones" bumped the scale hard against gold coin worth just twenty of them. This story will, I think, be received with incredulity by any one you repeat it to, but if you ever happen to have a roll with fifty notes in it in one pocket, and a $20 gold piece in the other, you will admit its truth. There is an immense differnce in the specific gravity of gold coins and their equivalent in dollar bills, but the difference in weight is compartaively trifling."

—"A Cold Day" company was greeted by a fair house on Tuesday night and yet it was too small for the quality of the play, which seems to be about the only play without much of a plot than can be considered first-class. Perkins D. Fisher as "Able Effort," and his chum Andy Amamn as "Jacob Blow," who represented two Long Branch caterers, were a whole show by themselves, while the supporting company was above the average. The singing and dancing, especially the latter, of Carlotta was about the best ever seen on the Bellefonte stage. There were some very elegant costumes and the play throughout was exceedingly laughable, clean and neat. If Mr. Fisher and his company ever return to Bellefonte they will not play to empty seats.

ANOTHER SHOOTING AFRAY

Just now it seems to be Snow Shoe and vicinity against the world for shooting people. On Saturday a week ago there was a little pistol practice out in that vicinity in which men were used for targets and now again on last Saturday it seems that the same diversion was indulged in. In other and plainer words, during a quarrel among a number of Hungarians on Saturday afternoon or evening John Scinti shot Steve Shincoe. Scinti was arrested by Constable Haynes and brought to Bellefonte jail yesterday (Sunday) morning. It is not believed that Shincoe will die. Further particulars at this writing are not obtainable.

—This is a bad day for the Centre Hall picnic. And yet notwithstanding the weather, there are many persons who are willing to brave everything for the little fun they may have there. And indeed it must be fun to wander around on the damp and wet earth with no protection only the canvas tents and nothing to look at only strangers and fakirs; but of the latter accordidg to all accounts, there is an abundance, as it is said the ground is almost covered with them.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Sept. 15 1891.

William Bowres: Jas G. Cole; Maria Farley; Charles Harpham; C. Lewis; Mary Setton; Miss E. L. Speir: Annie Thompson.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER.

ARE YOU A FLIRT?

The following from the Toronto Globe is worth reproducing: "Somebody wrote and asked me to define a flirt. It seems unnecessary when the dictionary meaning is worded in such terse Saxon terms. There has been some degree of fascination tersed about the word by a perversion of its meaning, but it is quite time to apply it only in its true sense, and application is far from being a complimentary one. Do you want to act a lie? Then flirt. Do you wish to lose the modest charm of manner which is woman's best heritage and man's too infrequently found attribute? Then play at love. Do you want your future life embittered by memories which will stab you when your heart is beating with happiness? Then cheat some one into giving you true regard for falseness. If you would be womanly, my woman reader, or manly, my unknown question, give your friendship to those who are your true friends and your heart's warm, earnest love to one man or to one woman, and let it be unsullied by the flirtation which many count in triumph on the fingers of both hands."

ENORMOUS LOSS OE LIFE.

MADRID, September 14.—The floods in the province of Toledo have inflicted enormous damage and caused the loss of 5,000 lives, according to official advice thus far received from the stricken district. Communication is almost entirely cut off in many directions, and it is believed that when the full returns are received a still greater calamity will be revealed. Near Castelego a train was derailed, one person being killed and three injured. At Toledo a number of houses collapsed and six persons were crushed to death. From various points come reports of great loss of life by drowning. The Minister of Public Works left here on a visit to the provinces of Toledo and Madrid that have been devastated by the floods. The Queen Regent has ordered a national subscription to be opened for the relief of the victims of the inundation. The government has decided to use all its available resources for the same purpose, even to utilizing the item in the budget set aside for the visitation of epidemics.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Word has been received in this place of the death of Miss Beulah Strohm at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Strohm of Centre Hall. The young lady's death occurred on Saturday evening last and was rather sudden notwithstanding the fact that the cause of death was an affection of the lungs. Miss Strohm was the daughter of W. H. Strohm, deceased, and a niece of Commissioner James B. Strohm and Mrs. W. W. Bayard. She was a lovely and exemplary young lady and her many friends in Bellefonte and elsewhere will sadly mourn hee untimely death. During the the early part of the summer of 1890 Miss Strohm made her home with her uncle James in this place and while here attended the select school taught by Mr. Johnstonbaugh. The most of the past year was spent with her aunt in Washington. The deceased was aged about nineteen. The funeral will occur tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon at two o'clock

STATE CROP REPORT.

The lack of sunshine and warmth has retarded the ripening of corn and tobacco. Corn needs about ten days more of warm sunshine to mature it and put it out of danger of frost. An enormous crop is now probable. Some will be ready to cut in a few days.

The cool nights have caused the farmers in the tobacco regions in fear frosts and the crop is rapidly being cut. The crop is estimated to be the largest and finest ever grown in the State, and the damage from rust and insect is much smaller than in former years.

Potatoes are about all lifted. The crop is large and fine and very little rot is reported.

The ground is in good condition and farmers are busy preparing for fall seeding. Some have already begun, but seeding proper will begin about the 15th.

Buckwheat is reported a large and fine crop. Fruit and vegetables are abundant.

THEY WEREN'T IN IT.

On Saturday the Centre Club of this place went to Centre Hall to play a game of ball with the club at that place. The Centre Hallites, recognizing the propensities of the Centre Club for playing ball, prepared themselves by picking a nine from among the best players ou the ground, and the result was that the Bellefonte boys weren't in it to any great extent, the score standing at the close of the game just 9 to 4 in favor of Centre Hall. The game was well played throughout and afforded lots of amusement for the large crowd of lookers on.

—On Monday night Linn streeters were considerably excited by hearing three pistol shots fired in rapid succession. A number of heads were stuck out of as many windows and some even went out on the street to see what was wrong, but all to no purpose. It now transpires however that the shots were fired by E. R. Chambers, Esq., who says it was done to frighten away a cow that was meandering around his premises. It is generally thought that Ed. mistook the cow for a burglar and hence the pistol shots. But, we are glad to say, nothing was hurt.

FOR THE JUBILEE.

It is requested that all the young ladies and girls who have given their names to Messrs. James Hughes and Will Furst and are willing to serve those young gentlemen in representation in the business men's jubilee to be held on October first, will meet in Garman's Opera House on Friday afternoon at 4.15 o'clock, sharp, to discuss all matters relative to the coming carnival and make arrangements about the costumes, etc. The young ladies are requested to tell their friends so there will be a good turnout on Friday afternoon.

Personal Pencilings.

Ex Judge Orvis came home to-day.

Ex Sheriff Robert K. Wilson was an arrival this morning.

General D. H. Hastings spent Sunday at his home in this place.

Mr. George L. Potter and family arrived home no Monday evening.

Mr. Henry Stevens, of Halfmoon township, is in Bellefonte to-day.

Mr. George Owen and sister, Maude, of Mechanicsburg, are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. W. W. Caddle, wife of Rev. Caddle, of Snow Shoe, is visiting friends in Altoona.

Mr. A. J. Grieat was shaking hands with friends and acquaintance at the depot this morning.

Mrs. H. C. Love, of Tyrone, is Visiting at the home of her brother, Mr. James McKee, on East Linn street.

Rev. Isaac Heckman and family arrived in Bellefonte on Monday evening and were the guests of Commissioner James B. Strohm.

Mr. John Yocum, of Trivertown, is visiting his cousin, Newton Haupt, and together the two are taking in the grangers picnic.

Miss Elsie Barr, of Tyrone, arrived in Bellefonte on Friday and will visit friends here and attend the grangers picnic at Centre Hall next week.

Mr, and Mrs. Walter Bayard came from Washington to Centre Hall on Monday to be present at the funeral of their niece, Miss Beulah Strohm, which occurs to-morrow. Mr. and Mrs James B. Strohm and family also went from Bellefonte to Centre Hall to-day.

A Female Engineer.

Miss Ida Hewitt, is the only woman engineer in the country. She is employed on the Cairo & Kanawha Valley Railroad, which connects with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Cairo, W. Va. Her father, Col, Hewitt, is one of the principal stockholders in the road. The young lady has not yet arrived at the age of 20, and is very pretty and accomplished. Machinery and mechanical working always had a peculiar fascination for her and she spends a large portion of her time in the railroad shop. She finally went so far as to undertake the task of running an engine on the road, and the Superintendent was so pleased with her success that she was employed regularly. She makes her daily run with the speed and regularity of an old-time veteran, and it is seldom that she gets behind scheduled time. Her engine is kept in the best of order and is model of neatness and cleanliness. It is said that she has been asked to run an engine at the World's Fair at Chicago.

Special Train Schedule.

As usual the Pennsylvania railroad company will run a number of special trains from Bellefonte to grange Park, Centre Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday and Friday of next week, being the 15th 16th, 17th, and 18th days of September. The schedule as given for the regular and special trains is as follews:

Leave Bellefonte for Centre Hall at 6.00, 6.55 and 10.30 a.m., and 2.00 and 5.00 p. m.

Leave grange Park for Bellefonte at 8.24 a. m., and 3.40, 4.28, 6.30 and 9.00 p. m.

On the eastern end of the road a special train will leave Sunbury at 8.55 a. m., and returning leave Grange Park at 6.59 p. m. All trains stop at all stations along the road.

Dancing and Physical Culture.

Miss Bishop having discontinued her day school will open a branch Academy of Dancing, Deportment and Physical Culture in Bellefonte, Monday, September 21st Miss Bishop is now in New York learning the new dances. The german carefully taught in both classes. Children's class at 4,10 p. m. Evening club, for general dancing, at 8. p. m. Private lessons at $1.00—anytime during the day. Terms, *in advance*, $5. In same family $9 to two $12 to three, etc. Special terms in evening class to married people or young men bringing same girl by the term. 87-1 m

P. S.—Miss Bishop will furnish term tickets of admission to parents and her own personal friends, but dancing classes are entirely private.

—Chestnuts are ripening.

AT THE PICNIC.

TUESDAY RATHER A DULL DAY AT GRANGE PARK.

The cold, damp and threatening weather of Tuesday kept a great many from attending the granger's picnic at Centre Hall, and thus the crowd that otherwise would have been immense, was only of ordinary size. Some of the speakers who were also named to present were likewise detained and the programme of the day was thus considerably shortened. A few short speeches in the forenoon made up the bill of fare so far as the literary was concerned.

But then it is only a small part of the vast throng who generally attend such places that go to hear the speaking. The multitude goes to see, eat and have a good time and a few go to encourage the fakirs and sharpers, and of the latter there this year seems to be an unusually large crop.

It is not our wish or desire to criticise the farmers or find fault with the managers of the picnic, but there seems to be considerable complaint of unjust discrimination against our home dealers and in favor of foreign exhibitors.

To-day, Wednesday, is the day named for Governor Pattison and ex-Governor St John to be present. At this writing neither of the gentlemen have arrived, though they are both expected. To-morrow will be the day for the printer's banquet. Mr. B. C. Achenbach, of this place, will serve the feast and it is understood he has orders for thirty plates. Friday will be Veteran's day and likely the biggest day of all.

Why He Does Not Play Poker.

"Ever played poker?" asked the sport.

"Not any more," responded the quiet man.

"Have played, then?,,

"Yes, but I've learned better."

"Loose much?"

"Not such a great deal, but it was more than I care to lose again."

"Fall in with sharpers?"

"O, no; lost to a person to whom I had taught the game," and he related the following story:

"Two weeks' salary went in two hours, and I could never get a cent of it back. I made up my mind that I was too unlucky for a poker player, so I swore off. Haven't played since. I guess it's just as well I lost the money. It taught me a good lesson—may have saved me from losing a lot more some time."

"That's so: better keep out if you'r unlucky. Who did you say it was beat you?"

The quiet man hesitated, blushed a little, and answered; "My wife."—Buffalo Express.

At the Opera House.

"The Mountain King," an original comedy and melodrama in four acts, by Frank Dumont, was produced by James H. Wallick at the National Theatre yesterday and was well received by large audience both afternoon and evening. The plot hinges upon the effort of the United States Government to brake up the illicit distilleries in the mountain, for which a government detective, (Bart Sampson, played in excellent style by J. H. Wallick,) goes among the moonshiners, becomes possessed of their secrets and eventually arrest the entire gang. *Elsie*, a blind waif, was enacted in a charming manner by Lena Onthank, while the comedy element was upheld very successfully by Charles Crosby Gus Cohen and Viola Croby. The majority of the scenery is new and the play is destined to be a go.—Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

At the opera house, Bellefonte on Thursday night, September 17th.

IN HONOR OF DR. LAURIE.

An informal reception was tendered Dr. Laurie on Tuesday exening between the hours of eight and ten in the Presbyterian chapel. A large number of the congregation and friends of the pastor were present to give him a warm and hearty welcome. Mr. Milliken made a short but very appropriate address of welcome to which Rev. Laurie responded in a few words, saying he was glad to get back to America, which was truly house to him for he was a thorough American. His trip, he said, was a delightful one but, notwithstanding the charming places he had seen, Bellefonte was home to him and he was happy to get back to his many friends here. He will probably give an interesting account of his travels in the near future.

TASTEFUL MILLINERY.

Miss Maize Graham is in New York, city where she will remain until Oct. 1st, returning then with a large and tastefully selestion stock of fall millinery of the very latest styles such as will give great pleasure and satisfaction to all desiring anything in this line.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE